The Bookman.

"I am a Bookman."—*James Russell Lowell.*

No. 190. Vol. XXXII. JULY, 1907. Price Sixpence.
Subscription rate 6s. per annum post free. Published Monthly.

CONTENTS.

NEWS NOTES 117

THE "BOOKMAN" GALLERY—
Mr. William de Morgan 120

THE BOOKSELLERS' DIARY 122

THE READER—
The Thames in Literature. By Alfred Noyes 123
"The Bookman" Prize Competitions 127

NEW BOOKS—
"The Times" History of the War in South Africa. By Walter H. James 128
A Rael Manxman. By Stephen Reynolds 130
Sir R. Jebb's Essays and Addresses. By T. E. Page ... 132
The History of Painting. By F. E. Phillips 132
Recollections and Impressions ... 134
The Disordered East. By Thomas Lloyd 135
Life and Flowers. By Edward Thomas 136
Brother Savages. By Lewis Melville 136
Two of our Admirals. By Edward Fraser 138
More Light on Thoreau. By Henry S. Salt 139
Women in Greece and Rome ... 140
Sydney and Melbourne. By A. D. P. 141
Arcadia. By Edward Thomas ... 141

NOVEL NOTES—
Jane Cable—Pilgrimage—Alice-for-Short—The Tangled Skein—The Strongest of All Things—The Three Comrades—Rising Fortunes—Ghetto Comedies—Nearly Five Millions 142-44

THE BOOKMAN'S TABLE—
The History of the Squares of London—Wild Flowers of the British Isles — In Malay Forests—Rambles by an Australian Naturalist—Queen Hortense and her Friends—John Baskerville—Human and Animal Tuberculosis — How to Fish 144-46

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS 147

NEW BOOKS OF THE MONTH 147

NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.
No unused communications will be returned whether stamps are enclosed for that purpose or not, and to this rule we can make no exception

News Notes.

The Bookman for August will contain an illustrated article on Hamlet by "Z.," the Blackwood critic, whose recent attack on Mr. Bernard Shaw attracted much attention.

We are glad to learn that the editorial chair of our contemporary, *The Graphic*, has now been filled by the well-merited promotion of Mr. Alfred Brook Tucker. Mr. Tucker, a son of the late Alfred Tucker, of *The Times* editorial staff, was himself for a number of years connected with that newspaper, which he left some twelve years ago to join the staff of *The Graphic*. After matriculation at London University, Mr. Tucker, who is an excellent classical scholar, intended entering the Army, but an accident prevented his proceeding to Sandhurst. But Mr. Tucker has turned his ruling passion to admirable journalistic account, and it is safe to say that there is no civilian who writes on the subject of military history with greater knowledge and enthusiasm.

It is not often that the modern editor of a classic has the good fortune to make a substantial addition to his author's text. This has fallen to the lot of Mr. A. R. Waller, a half of whose concluding volume of his edition of Prior consists of new material discovered at Longleat. The remarkable feature of the "find" is the excellent prose dialogues which attest Prior's wit as well as do any of his best verses.

Many editors and authors have found the exceeding difficulty of discovering a happy title for a literary causerie. "Roundabout Papers," "The Looker-On," "At the Sign of the Ship," are familiar examples of felicitous selection. This can scarcely be said of Mr. A. C. Benson's newly announced series of essays entitled "At Large." This is a phrase to which lunatics and convicts and mad dogs seem to have a prescriptive right.

The ways of a professional humorist are hard, and general sympathy will go out to Mark Twain for his persecution at the hands of the minions of the press. The readiness of the latter gentlemen to meet a jest half-way reminds one of the mental attitude of a Court Theatre audience waiting smugly and smilingly to applaud the strokes of Shavian wit.

The Lord Chamberlain is to be congratulated on having the courage to admit the Gilbertian error of his ways. As absence makes the heart grow fonder, we have no doubt that "The Mikado" will not suffer from the temporary prohibition.

It was Henry Fielding's severe strictures on Walpole that first moved the Government to retaliate by the institution of a dramatic censorship. Lord Chesterfield, in speaking against the measure, suggested a committee of bishops and maids-of-honour.

We understand that difficulties regarding the copy-

The Frontispiece from "Three Weeks," by Elinor Glyn, a review of which appears on page 147.
(Reproduced by kind permission of Messrs. Duckworth and Co.)

rights have interfered with the intended issue of a complete edition of the works of Oscar Wilde. In the meantime Mr. Tree has scored a remarkable success by his revival of "A Woman of No Importance." Time has not withered the brilliance of the play, which in Mr. Tree's hands finds a masterly interpretation.

"The South Polar Times," which will be published immediately by Messrs. Smith, Elder and Co., is not a new addition to journalism. It is a facsimile reproduction of the periodical written by the officers of the *Discovery* during the Antarctic winters of 1902 and 1903. Captain Scott will contribute a preface.

Photo Bradshaw, Altrincham. **T. Kingston Clarke.**
Author of "The Widda-man." See page 130.

The month of June has been prolific in historical work. New volumes have appeared of "The World's History," edited by Dr. Helmholt, of the "Cambridge Modern History," of "Longman's Political History of England," and of Mr. C. R. L. Fletcher's "Introductory History of England." The last volume contains a highly eulogistic "Epistle Dedicatory" to one of the most hopeful of our younger historians, Professor A. F. Pollard, who has himself brought out a volume of stimulating essays under the title "Factors in Modern History." We hope to review this batch of histories in our next issue.

An excellent piece of local history has also been published in the well-proportioned "School History of Lancashire," by W. E. Rhodes, formerly librarian at Owens College. Nothing could be better calculated to make history a living reality to learners in our large towns than work of this kind, and we hope that this will be followed up by similar competent, inexpensive volumes.

The pageant, the installation of Lord Curzon, and the triumphal progress of Mark Twain are concentrating much attention upon Oxford this summer. The undergraduates, who have no love of the carpentry which has invaded their loveliest meadows, gave a rousing welcome to the new literary doctors in order of precedence, Dr. Sidney Lee, Dr. Mark Twain, and Dr. Rudyard Kipling.

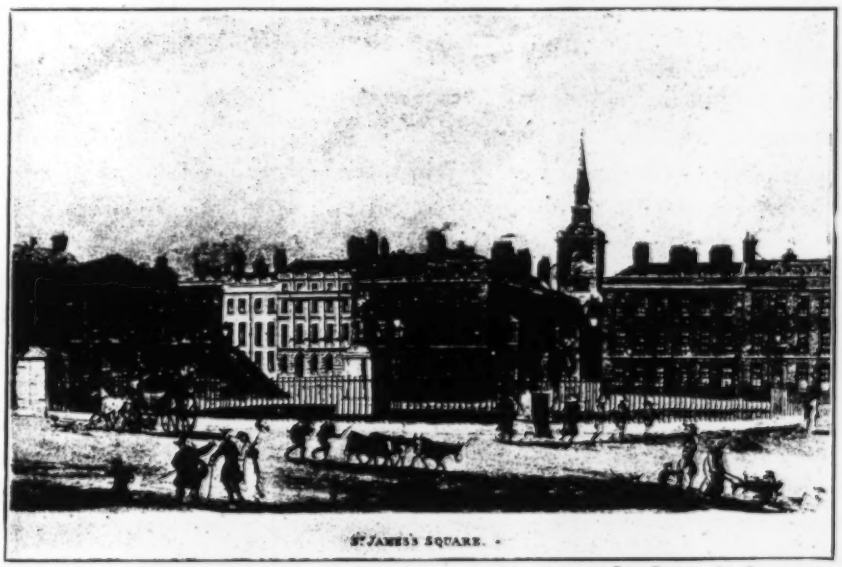
Well timed in every sense has been the first appearance of *The Oxford and Cambridge Review*, which owes its inception and production primarily to the energy of an undergraduate member of the more ancient foundation, Mr. Oswald Dawson, of C.C.C. Apart from an unpublished fragment by John Stuart Mill on "Social Freedom," appropriately academic in tone, and bearing traces of its genuineness in every line, the first number is a singularly rich and attractive one, and gives promise of a distinguished future.

One of the best articles is signed "A Friend of True Scientific Method," and deplores the waste of good material provided by the Universities to the State. When the Colonial Office or the War Office, for example, gets a first-class man, how does it proceed to train him for the public service? Does it provide for his obtaining first-hand insight into problems of colonial or military organisation? On the contrary, he is seated at a desk, upon which papers of gradually more and more importance and complexity are deposited by men who have gone through the same experience as himself. He becomes learned in office maxims, office assumptions, office evasions,

and office dialectics. Compare this with the methods pursued by great engineering, railway, or steamship companies to train their administrative staff. The article is full of material for thought.

While so many rariora are taking ocean trips across the Atlantic, it is satisfactory to note from the Annual Report of the Shakespeare's Birthplace Trustees that the "Birthplace Museum" has recently acquired two very fine "life-time editions" of "The Merchant of Venice" (1600) and "King Lear" (1608).

The Elizabethan sea-kings are making a brave show in the publishers' lists just now. This is a portent worthy the attention of the student of the *Zeitgeist*, in these days of peace conferences and reduced armaments. Messrs. Maclehose's "Purchas," uniform with their fine edition of Hakluyt, is just complete. Dampier has found a new editor in Mr. John Masefield, whose "On the Spanish Main" is not yet old. And now, not to mention a flood of marine anthologies, the Oxford University Press sends forth a selection of Elizabethan voyages, which should be welcomed by those for whom the big Hakluyt is a thing out of reach; while a volume in the Temple English Literature Series makes still more modest acknowledgment of the literary fashion.



St. James's Square.

(Reproduced from "The History of the Squares of London," by kind permission of Messrs. Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner, and Co.) The book is reviewed on page 144.

A welcome reissue is that of "Wine, Women and Song," John Addington Symonds's versions of the songs of the wandering students. Symonds was a graceful and happy translator, though, of course, no good lyric is really translatable. Here is a use of Latin that no Roman ever dreamed of: nor would he, even if he had known how to rhyme. These good songs "of wantonness and wine" are most comfortably read in the pocketable little Teubner book—*in usum laetitiae*—that Stevenson knew. Some of them find a place, as they should, in Mr. Thomas's "Pocket Book of Poems and Songs."

It is not a very rash assumption to take for granted that all authors with literary tastes—and, low be it spoken, it is rumoured there are others!—being for one reason or another compelled to desert their desks, would desire to remain associated in some way with books. Such, doubtless, would wish to become publishers or booksellers: not the publisher whose list consists only of some twenty works of fiction, by more or less illiterate but popular authors, but the publisher who, having the pick of the literary output, can "patronise" merit without loss: not the bookseller who retails sixpenny or shilling reprints of the four-and-sixpenny novel, but the bookseller who trades only in the better-class second-hand works, buys with discrimination, and sells with regret at parting with a volume he would fain place upon the shelves sacred to his personal possessions. Of such men one likes to read, and only too rarely has the opportunity; and it is, therefore, a matter of interest to note that there will shortly appear a memoir of Alexander Macmillan, the founder of the house that perpetuates his name, and the autobiography of Mr. James Westell, whose shop at the corner of Tottenham Court Road—he has now removed to Charing Cross Road—was always made pleasurable to the true lover of books. Few booksellers have narrated their experiences; but the correspondence of publishers has occasionally been published. One remembers especially the fascinating records of the Blackwoods, and the authors who enlisted under their banner: the annals of the firm of Macmillan should not be less interesting.

A few years ago the view was generally accepted that the lengthy literary novel was dead, and could never be successively revived. Three hundred thousand words, the average length of a book by Thackeray or Dickens or George Eliot, might be very well for writers of such eminence—it was said—but it was one reason why these Victorian classics were becoming read less and less. The proprietors of circulating libraries still liked the book that took a week to read, but publishers thought they discerned

a demand for slim volumes, and when Mr. John Lane successfully inaugurated the "Keynotes" Series, it was felt that the more ponderous tome had had its day. Now, however, it seems as if there is a probability of a return to the novel over which the reader may linger, having opportunity to form more than a bowing acquaintance with the characters; for three of the best novels—if not, indeed, the three best of the last twelve months were far longer than the average—"The Man of Property," "Exton Manor," and "Joseph Vance." The last, indeed, was nearly, if not quite as long as "Pendennis" or "The Newcomes"; and now the news comes that Mr. de Morgan's new story, "Alice-for-Short," contains so much "copy" that the American publisher is, for that reason, issuing it at a higher price than is usual in that country for works of fiction.

The title of the London anthology of prose and verse that Mr. Alfred H. Hyatt is editing for Messrs. Chatto and Windus, has been changed from "The City that I Love" to "The Charm of London."

Mr. Philip Wellby is publishing a new edition of Leigh Hunt's "The Religion of the Heart," for which Mr. Hyatt has written an introduction. This unique and charming work of Leigh Hunt's has long been inaccessible, and many will be glad to learn that it is to be brought again within reach of the general reader.

Since the closing of the Museum Reading-room the Guildhall Library is enjoying a somewhat overwhelming popularity. It is rumoured that the atmosphere of King Street is even more restful and conducive to refreshing sleep than that of the old room in Bloomsbury.

For permission to reproduce the colour plate of Eton from "The Silvery Thames," we are indebted to the courtesy of Messrs. Alf. Cooke, Ltd., Leeds and London. Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons have kindly allowed us to reproduce an etching by J. McNeill Whistler; Messrs Harper and Bros. a drawing from "The Lady of the Barge"; and Messrs. Pearson, Ltd., a drawing from Mr. Edward Noble's "Shadows from the Thames."

"THE BOOKMAN" GALLERY.

MR. WILLIAM DE MORGAN.

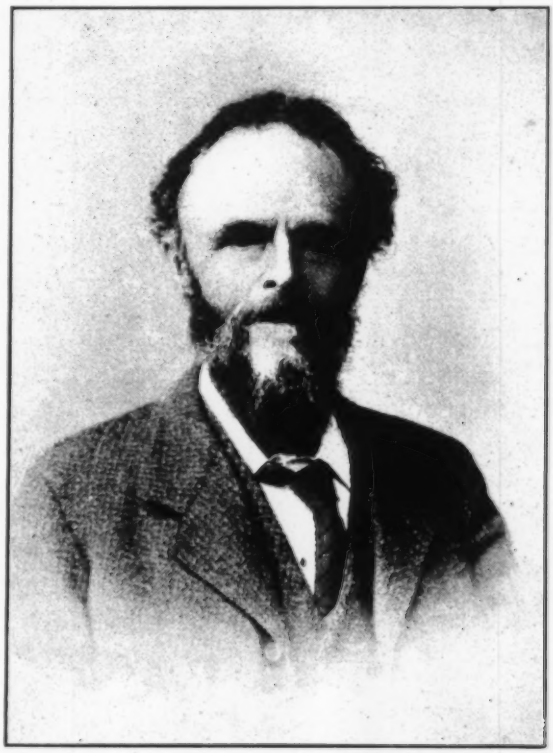
TO how many literary men, we wonder, is it given to "arrive," with a first attempt in fiction, at the age of sixty-seven, as Mr. de Morgan has done? Born in 1840, he published his first novel in 1906. As he himself says, it is unlikely that there has ever been such a case before. The author of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice for Short" has been hailed by reviewers as a "coming novelist" with a great future. He has already established a reputation any novelist with a long list of successes behind him might well be proud of. Given five more years of work Mr. Morgan must of necessity increase that reputation, and widen the already large circle of his admirers. After the publication of "Joseph Vance" various exaggerated reports about its author appeared in the American papers. It was stated to be the first work of a man well over seventy. Such statements have caused much annoyance to Mr. de Morgan. There is a great difference between sixty-seven and, say, seventy-two, and in the next few years he intends to accomplish much.

Mr. de Morgan comes of a family in which brains have ever been a prominent characteristic. His father was Professor Augustus de Morgan, who preceded Karl Pearson in the Chair of Applied Mathematics at University College, London, and it was at University College School that Mr. de Morgan received his education. The recent death of his sister, Mary de Morgan, whose delicate and charming fairy stories have delighted two generations of children, will have been noticed with regret by many lovers of literature. Of his father, Mr. de Morgan relates, apropos of the general inadequacy of literary remuneration, that the Professor used to write most of the scientific reviews for the *Athenæum* for payment at the rate of ten shillings a column. Mr. de Morgan recently came across an old ivory rule belonging to his father, carefully graduated and priced, which would seem to have been used for checking the amount of the *Athenæum* remittances.

To those who have read "Alice for Short" it will be interesting to learn that the character of Charles Heath, though in no sense a portrait, is full of reminiscences of the author's own life. Charles was first a painter, then an artist in stained glass, then a writer. Except that he has also been an artist in ceramics, this is precisely what Mr. de Morgan has done. And No. 40 X—— Street, Soho, is the portrait of a real house. If you want to see it, it is No. 40, Fitzroy Square. The studios, the stairs, the "extensive cellarage," and the vault are there, just as they are described in "Alice." Perhaps Mr. de Morgan has unconsciously made Charles more of a portrait of himself than he is willing to admit. One notices the same whimsical humour, the same gentle manners, and the same beard and glasses, even down to the double lenses with the line across the middle. He is very definite as to "Joseph Vance's" being the first work from his pen that has ever seen print. When he was about sixteen or so, he and his brothers and sisters set themselves each to write a short story in twenty minutes. He well recollects being unable to accomplish anything at all. And if you press him on the point he will remember, a very few years later, a boy of twenty who threw a bundle of manu-

scripts into the fire, watched them burn, and decided that henceforth all his services should be given to art. In 1859 Mr. de Morgan was a student at the Academy Schools. So was Charles Heath, if you remember.

Mr. de Morgan was fortunate in counting among his acquaintances many of those whose names were, at that time, foremost in the artistic world. He rubbed shoulders with most of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, the Pre-Raphaelites proper, that is to say, as distinct from Burne-Jones and his school, who worked from a different basis towards a different object, though loosely included in the movement by present-day art critics. Mr. de Morgan married an artist, and his wife's work, originally displaying the influence of Burne-Jones, has since developed along its own lines. Keen artists as Mr. and Mrs. de Morgan both are, it annoys them that her work should be characterised as Pre-Raphaelite, when in point of fact it is nothing of the sort. Several years of comparatively unsuccessful work as a painter led Mr. de Morgan to try his hand on stained glass. Again we see how the experiences of his artist's life gave him subject matter for his books, the books that he never imagined he would write, but which he was really born to write. Mr. de Morgan next turned his attention to ceramics, and in this field of art he at last began to make something of a name. All those who have kept in touch with modern ceramic art are familiar with the de Morgan lustre tiles, and with the beautiful ware sent out from the factory that was established by Mr. de Morgan. His house at Chelsea contains some exquisite examples of the firm's productions. All the designs were his own, and the process employed, a strict secret which has only become known to the trade through the dishonesty of former work-people, and has never been entirely made public, was very similar to the "Gubbio process" in use towards the end of the fifteenth century. William Morris, one of the dearest friends of the de Morgan family, took a particular interest in the welfare of the factory. Mr. de Morgan was at one time in partnership with Halsey Ricardo, the designer of the tile-roofed house recently built for Mr. Debenham in Addison Road. The interior tile decorations are all from the de Morgan factory, which, sad to relate, exists no longer, though nad it prolonged its existence, its founder would probablv never have turned his thoughts towards authorship.



Mr. William de Morgan.

Although for forty years after those earliest boyish attempts Mr. de Morgan never put pen to paper, in his early manhood he took a keen interest in contemporary literature, though later it ceased to nave any interest for him. Indeed, he naïvely confesses to a complete ignorance of the work of living writers. The names of Chesterton and Shaw convey nothing to him. Of Hilaire Belloc he does know something, and he admires his work. He well remembers the days when controversy first began to rage fiercely over the respective merits of Dickens and Thackeray. At that time Mr. de Morgan was a keen Dickensite, though now, he says, he has come to realise that any comparison is as impossible as it is absurd, as absurd as it would be to try and compare Browning and Tennyson.

In Mr. de Morgan's work we may trace reminiscences of both the early Victorian giants, though the influence of Dickens is certainly predominant. The workmanship of "Joseph Vance" and "Alice for Short" seems almost like a throwback to the methods of a period half a century behind us. Nowadays the novel reader is startled when he comes across a story that covers six hundred pages of small type. Especially do Mr. de Morgan's almost unique powers of observation and description recall Charles Dickens, while in the knowledge of men that he displays he bids fair to rival Thackeray. It would indeed be hard to find two books in which all the characters were so human, so intensely living. Imaginary people like Mrs. Heath have far more right to be called "alive" than many of our most respectable suburban neighbours. Listen to her here:

"Peggy was not sorry when she heard from afar a sound like Convocation coming downstairs, and was conscious that it was accompanied by an Archbishop, in the person of her mother. This might be troublesome, but after all the posi tion required clearing up.

"'Yes, my dear Charles,' thus the voice of the Archbishop, 'I entirely understand all that. But what I say is, and I say it again—is, that I *ought* to have been *told*. Had I been told, I could have arranged. As it is, I am sorry. But you must yourself see, it has been *impossible* for me to arrange. If you doubt what I say, ask Partridge. Partridge knows what a house like this is, and the difficulty of arranging ——'

"Peggy cannot hear Partridge's *sotto-voce*, but appreciates its value as a reinforcement to her Principal. . . .

"'I'm sure this poor little thing is very ill, Mamma,' Peggy said, with perfect confidence in her mother's kindness of heart, even when her individualities were most conspicuous. That lady, however, was not inclined to give up her

strong point, and placed it on record again as she stooped over the child, and felt its hands and forehead.

"'That, my dear, is only the more reason why I should have been told. I could have arranged. As it is now, we must have Dr. Payne to see her—or if he isn't there, we must have Dr. Hertz.'

"And Charley says he'll go and see about it at once, and leaves the room."

About the title of his first book Mr. de Morgan tells an interesting story. He wanted a name for his hero, and called him Joe. Then he needed a surname, and decided on Vance, for no particular reason. Soon after the publication of the book came a letter from America. A young author had struggled to make a name for himself for ten years. One morning last year he woke up to find himself famous, for his name was on every bookstall. His name was Joseph Vance. The coincidence is curious enough to be worth noting.

Mr. de Morgan has already done enough to make himself famous, but his admirers, of whom are all who have read either "Joseph" or "Alice," must unite to wish him as many more years of health and strength as will enable him to establish his fame on an enduring basis. We shall, at all events, hope for a book from him every year till he is "well over seventy."

The Booksellers' Diary.

LIST OF FORTHCOMING BOOKS.

July 1 to August 1.

Mr. J. W. Arrowsmith.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, MISS M.—A Close Ring, being the History of a French Family. 6s.
NEISH, MRS. R.—The Others—by One of Them. (A Sixpenny Edition.) 6d.

Messrs. A. and C. Black.

SCOTT, DINON.—Liverpool. Painted by J. Hamilton Hay. Twenty-four full page illustrations in colour. 6s. net.

Messrs. Cassell and Co.

The Great Galleries of Europe: The Louvre; The Luxembourg. Paper Covers. 6d. net each.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Political Economy of Art. With an Introduction by C. F. G. Masterman, M.P. (National Library.) 6d. net.
STEVENSON, ROBERT LOUIS.—The Pentland Stevenson. Vols. XIII.-XVI. 20 vols. 10 guineas net per set.
BOULGER, PROF. G. S., F.L.S., Hon. F.R.H.S.—Familiar Trees. Vol. III. 6s.
ROBARTS, EDITH (Edited by).—The Book of Games for Schools and Home. 1s.
MADDEN, FRANK COLE, M.D. (Melb.), F.R.C.S. (Eng.).—Bilharziosis. 3s. 6d. net.
SAVAGE, GEORGE H., M.D., F.R.C.P.—Insanity and Allied Neuroses. (New Elition.) 9s.
MANSON, SIR PATRICK, K.C.M.G.—Tropical Diseases. (New Edition.) 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. W. B. Clive and Sons.

CAVERS, F., D.Sc.—Plant Biology. (For Syllabus No. II. of the Board of Education Preliminary Certificate Examination.) 3s. 6d.
POLAK, S.—The Theory and Practice of Perspective Drawing.
WALLACE STEWART, DR.—New Matriculation: Heat. New Matriculation: Light. New Matriculation: Sound.
FEARENSIDE, C. S.—History of Great Britain, 1688-1760. Specially Edited for the Certificate Examination of the Board of Education, 1908. 2s. 6d.
WATT, A. F., M.A., and GOGGIN, S. E., B.A.—Milton: Paradise Lost. Books IV, V.

Messrs. Duckworth and Co.

STOPFORD BROOKE, A.—The Sea Charm of Venice. 2s. 6d. net.
BURNS, JAMES.—Christ's Face in Art. 5s. net.

Messrs. Harper and Bros.

ADAMS, JOSEPH H.—Harper's Outdoor Book for Boys. With Contributions by Kirk Munroe, Tappan, Adney, and others. Profusely Illustrated. Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

Red Leather Library.

MACLAREN, IAN.—The Days of Auld Lang Syne. Cloth, 2s. net.; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
OXENHAM, JOHN.—Barbe of the Grand Bayou. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
BARRIE, J. M.—The Little White Bird. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
LYALL, DAVID.—The Land o' the Leal. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
MACLAREN, IAN.—Young Barbarians. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
BARRIE, J. M.—An Edinburgh Eleven. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather, 2s. 6d. net.
CANTON, WILLIAM.—The Invisible Playmate. Cloth, 2s. net; Leather 2s. 6d. net.
The Expositor. Edited by Rev. W. Robertson Nicoll, M.A., LL.D. Vol. III. Seventh Series. Cloth, 7s. 6d. net.

"T. P.'s Weekly" Sixpennies, published by Hodder and Stoughton in Limp Cloth.

LYALL, DAVID.—David Lyall's Love Story. 6d.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Mystery of a Motor Car. 6d.
PAIN, BARRY.—Robinson Crusoe's Return. 6d.
GARVICE, CHARLES.—Nance. 6d.

Messrs. Hutchinson and Co.

ROTHSCHILD, THE HON. WALTER.—Extinct Birds. With Forty-five Coloured Plates. £25 net.
KEANE, DR. A. H.—The World's Peoples. 6s. net.
BRENAN, *the late* GERALD, and CAPTAIN STATHAMS.—The House of Howard. 2 vols. Gilt top. 24s. net.
SCHILLINGS, C. G. (Translated by Frederic Whyte).—In Wildest Africa. With about 300 Illustrations. 24s. net.
PEARY, COMMANDER R. E.—Nearest the Pole. In demy 8vo. Buckram gilt and gilt top. 16s. net.
LE QUEUX, WILLIAM.—Whosoever Loveth. 6s. net.

Mr. T. Werner Laurie.

TRUSCOTT, L. PARRY.—The Weed by the Wall. (A Novel.) 6s.
BUMPUS, T. FRANCIS.—The Cathedrals and Churches of Northern Italy. Eighty Illustrations, nine in Colour. 16s. net.
HUME, FERGUS.—The Crowned Skull. (A Novel.) 6s.
KENNARD, HOWARD P.—The Russian Peasant. Illustrated with Nineteen Photos taken by the Author. 6s. net.
TULLOCH, THE REV. DR. W. W.—The Life of Tom Morris, with Glimpses of St. Andrews and its Golfing Celebrities. 10s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Methuen and Co.

ERSKINE, MRS. STEUART.—Magic Plumes. 6s.
DUMAS, ALEX.—Dom Goreuflot. 6d.
WAINEMAN, PAUL.—Bay of Lilacs. 6s.
CAPES, BERNARD.—Great Skene Mystery. 6s.
RAWSON, MAUD STEPNEY.—Enchanted Garden. 6s.
VINCENT, J. E.—Through East Anglia in a Car. 6s.
STORY, A. T.—North Wales. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Leather, 3s. 6d. net.
ALBANESI, E. M.—I Know a Maiden. 6d.
SMITH, DOROTHY V. HORACE.—Miss Mona. 3s. 6d.
MARSH, RICHARD.—Girl and the Miracle. 6s.
LEACH, HENRY.—Spirit of the Links. 6s.
BROOKS, E. E.—Electric Light and Power. 4s. 6d.
CROFTE, T. R. N.—L'Equipage la Belle Nivernaise. 1s.
FULLER, W. P.—Le Doctor Matheus. 1s.
WALLACE-HADRILL, F.—Revision Notes on English History. No price fixed yet.
BURKE, BARBARA.—Barbara Goes to Oxford. 6s.
CAMPBELL, LIZBETH.—Ferriby. 6s.
FIRTH, E. E.—First History of Greece. No price fixed yet.
SPRAGGE, W. H., Jun.—Greek History. No price yet fixed.
WADE, G. W.—Somerset. Cloth, 2s. 6d. net; Leather, 3s. 6d. net.
WELLS, H. G.—Sea Lady. 6d.

Mr. John Murray.

HERVEY, LORD FRANCIS.—Corolla Sancti Eadmundi: The Garland of St. Edmund. 10s. 6d. net.
GORE, BISHOP.—Dissertations. 2s. 6d. net.
GORE, BISHOP.—The Body of Christ. 3s. 6d. net.

Messrs. Routledge and Sons.

MACAULAY, LORD.—History of England. (Standard and Historical Library.) 1 vol. 5s. net.
MACAULAY, LORD.—History of England. (New Universal Library.) 5 vols. 1s. net each.
SHILLINGTON, V. M., and WALLIS CHAPMAN, A. B.—Anglo Portuguese Relations. Price not fixed.
STREATFIELD, —.—The Opera. 6s.
CAVENDISH, —.—Life of Wolsey. (New Universal Library.) 1s. net.
NEWMAN, —.—Apologia pro Vita Sua.—(New Universal Library.) 1s. net.
GARDNER, MISS ROSE.—Pocket Ruskin. (Wayfaring Books.) 2s. 6d. net.
SAUNDERS, EDMUND.—Ants, Bees and Wasps. (Country Books.) 3s. 6d. net.
TAYLOR, TOM.—Songs of Brittany. (New Universal Library.) 1s. net.
"Sister Mary."—Antonio Rosmini Serbati. (Early Novelists.) 6s. net.
LAWRENCE, DAWSON.—Historical Allusions. (Miniature Reference Library.) 1s. net.
HYAMSON, ALBERT M.—Gazetteer of the World. (Miniature Reference Library.) 1s. net.
COLEMAN, W. S.—Our Woodlands, Heaths and Hedges. (Country Books.) 1s.
COLEMAN, W. S.—Celestina. (Early Novelists.) 6s. net.
BROWNING, ROBERT.—Dramatic Works. (New Universal Library.) 1s. net.
BROWNING, ROBERT.—Chrysal; or, The Adventures of a Guinea. (Early Novelists.) 6s. net.
SMITH, ALEXANDER.—Summer in Skye. (New Universal Library.) 1s. net.

Messrs. Swan Sonnenschein and Co.

BARBER, T. W., M.Inst.C.E., and OTHERS.—The Port of London and the Thames Barrage: A Series of Expert Studies and Reports. With Maps and Plans. 12s. 6d. net.
GLUNICKE, LT.-COL. J. G. R.—The Campaign in Bohemia, 1866. With Maps and Plans. (Special Campaign Series.) 5s. net.
TURNER, F. STORRS (Author of "Knowledge, Belief and Certitude").—The Certainty of Religion. 2s. 6d. net.
WEBSTER, ANNIE.—Beauty and Health in Old Age. 1s. 6d. net.

Mr T. Fisher Unwin.

FAGUET, EMILE.—A Literary History of France. 12s. 6d. net.
JUSSERAND, J. J.—A Literary History of the English People. Vol. I. 12s. 6d. net.
OMAN, J. CAMPBELL.—The Brahmans, Theists and Muslims of India. (Revised Edition.) 14s. net.
BRAY, R. A.—The Town Child. 7s. 6d. net.
HAY, WILLIAM.—Herridge of Reality Swamp. 6s.
CROCKETT, S. R.—Me and Myn. 6s.
LITTA, DUKE.—The Priest. 6s.
DALZIEL, JAMES.—In the First Watch. 6s.
CRAIGIE, MRS. (John Oliver Hobbes).—Life and To-morrow. 6s.
TUNISON, PROFESSOR.—Dramatic Traditions of the Dark Ages. 5s. 6d. net.
WHADCOAT, G. C.—Every Woman's Own Lawyer. 3s. 4d. net.
VILLIERS, BROUGHAM (Edited by).—The Case for Women's Suffrage. 2s. 6d. net.
LONERGAN, W. F.—Forty Years of Paris. 10s. 6d. net.
STOPES, Mrs. C. C.—The Sphere of "Man" in Relation to that of "Woman" in the Constitution. 6d. net.

Messrs. Ward, Lock and Co.

WINTLE, GILBERT. The Gentleman Tramp. 6s.
GUNTER, A. C.—Doctor Burton. 6s.
WHITE, FRED M.—The Fatal Dose. 6s.
BOOTHBY, GUY.—The Race of Life. 6d.
SMART, HAWLEY.—A Racing Rubber. 6d.
OPPENHEIM, E. PHILLIPS.—The Betrayal. 6d.

THE READER.

THE THAMES IN LITERATURE.

By Alfred Noyes.

THERE is perhaps no river so famous in literature as the Thames. Almost from the earliest dawn of our poetry its celebration began, and it has flowed down in an ever-broadening stream of prose and rhyme to the present day.

"Aboue all ryuers thy Ryuer hath renowne,
Whose beryall stremys, pleasant and preclare,
Under thy lusty wallys renneth down,
Where many a swanne doth swymme with wyngis fare,
Where many a barge doth saile and row with are,
Where many a ship doth rest with toppe-royal.
O, towne of townes! patrone and not compare:
London, thou art the floure of Cities all."

So sang Dunbar amongst the early choir, and Spenser's sweeter strains replied,

"Sweet Thames, run softly till I end my song!"

and again in the "Faerie Queen," when he celebrates the wedding of the Thames and the Medway. It is doubtless a mistake, yet one cannot help reading a kind of prophecy of England's future sovereignty of the seas into the fervour of Spenser's description:—

"It fortuned then a solemne feast was there
To all the Sea-gods and their fruitful seede,
In honour of the spousals which then were
Betwixt the Medway and the Thames agreed.
* * * * *
So both agreed that this their bridal feast
Should for the Gods in Proteus house be made;
To which they all repayr'd, both most and least,
As well which in the mightie Ocean trade
As that in rivers swim or brookes do wade;
All which, not if an hundred tongues to tell,
And hundred mouthes, and voice of brass I had,
And endless memorie that mote excell,
In order as they came could I recount them well."
* * * * *

The prophecy is obvious enough in the solid and sonorous climax of the "Annus Mirabilis," where, after describing the great holocaust when

"A key of fire ran all along the shore
And lightened all the river with a blaze;
The wakened tides began again to roar,
And wondering fish in shining waters gaze.

Old Father Thames raised up his reverend head
But feared the fate of Simois would return;
Deep in his ooze he sought his sedgy bed
And shrunk his waters back into his urn;"

Dryden prophesies thus of London and her river:—

"Already labouring with a mighty fate
She shakes the rubbish from her mounting brow,
And seems to have renewed her charter's date
Which heaven will to the death of time allow. . . .

Before, she like some shepherdess did show
Who sat to bathe her by a river's side;
Not answering to her fame, but rude and low,
Nor taught the beauteous arts of modern pride.

Now like a maiden queen, she will behold,
From her high turrets hourly suitors come:
The East with incense and the West with gold,
Will stand like suppliants to receive her doom.

The silver Thames, her own domestic flood,
Shall bear her vessels like a sweeping train;
And often wind, as of his mistress proud,
With longing eyes to meet her face again.

The wealthy Tagus and the wealthier Rhine,
The glory of their towns no more shall boast,
And Seine, that would with Belgian rivers join,
Shall find her lustre stained and traffic lost."

Fielding in his Voyage to Lisbon has a wonderful prose description of the Thames.

Pope in his "Windsor Forest" describes the Thames first in its more homely beauty, under the "quivering shades" of spring when the mists float along the meadows, and the patient fisher takes his stand and eyes "the dancing cork and bending reed," hoping for the bright-eyed perch with "fins of Tyrian dye," the silver eel, the yellow carp "in scales be-dropt with gold," the swift trouts, "diversified with crimson stains," and pikes, the tyrants of the stream. But he soon breaks out into an even more fervid and patriotic prophecy than that of Dryden, as he surveys the "great father of the British floods" rolling between the towering oaks with their "growing honours" that appear to him as future navies on her shores. He describes how, when "great Anna" had brought peace upon the world, old Father Thames advanced his reverend head with its dew-dropping tresses, how his shining horns diffused a golden gleam over the water, while the moon that guides his ebb and flow appeared graven on his urn. The sea-born tributary brothers stood around his throne—the winding Isis, the fruitful Tame, the swift Kennet, renowned for silver eels; the slow Loddon, crowned with green alders; the Cole, whose dark streams lave islands of flowers; the chalky Wey, with its mighty wave; the blue transparent Vandalis; the sedgy Lee; the sullen Mole that hides his diving and secret flood; and the silent Darent, so deeply reddened once with the blood of Danes. Then, in the midst, reclined upon his urn, with his sea-green mantle waving in the wind, the god turned his azure eyes upon the domes and turrets of Windsor and spoke. The winds were stilled, and the hushed waves glided softly, as he proclaimed the reign of peace that should raise the glory of Thames to the stars, and declared that though immortal Rome beheld the streams of Tiber, and Hermus foamed with tides of gold, though the seven-fold Nilus flowed from heaven itself, and bestowed harvests on a hundred realms, they should be lost in the fame of the Thames, as their streams were lost in the sea:—

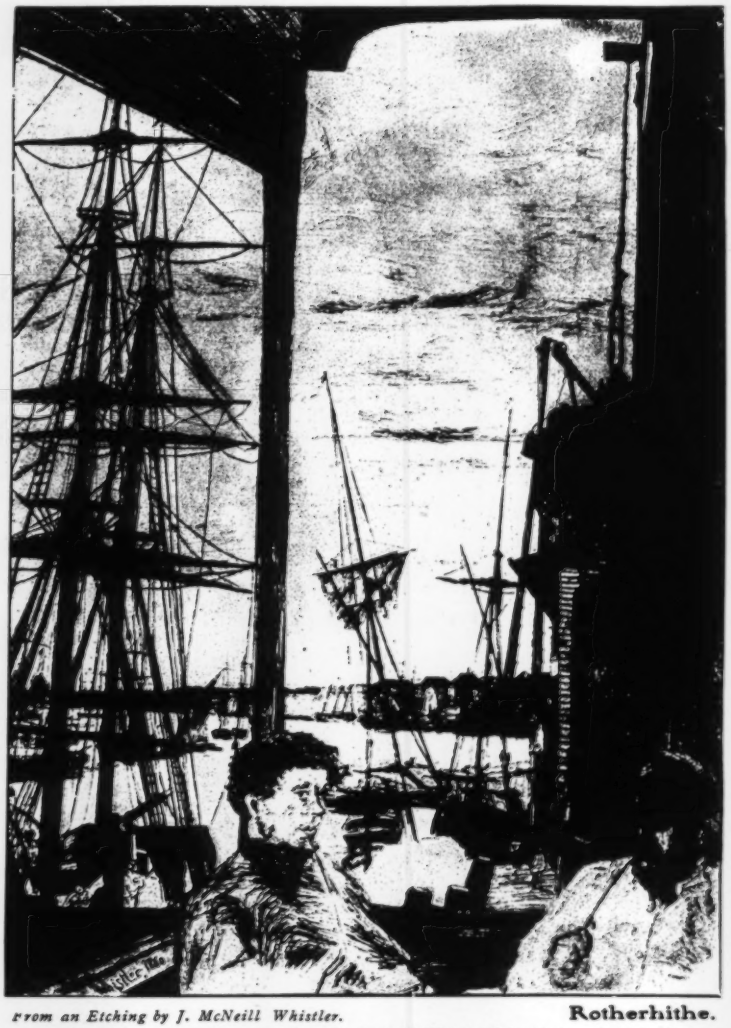
"Thy trees, fair Windsor! now shall leave their woods,
And half thy forests rush into thy floods,
Bear Britain's thunder, and her cross display,
To the bright regions of the rising day.
Tempt icy seas, where scarce the waters roll,
Where clearer flames glow round the frozen pole;
Or under southern skies exalt their sails
Led by new stars, and borne by spicy gales!
For me the balm shall bleed, and amber flow,
The coral redden and the ruby glow,
The pearly shell its lucid globe infold,
And Phœbus warm the ripening ore to gold.
The time shall come, when free as seas or wind
Unbounded Thames shall flow for all mankind,
Whole nations enter with each swelling tide,

And seas but join the regions they divide;
Earth's distant ends our glory shall behold,
And the new world launch forth to seek the old.
Then ships of uncouth form shall stem the tide
And feathered people crowd my wealthy side,
And naked youths and painted chiefs admire
Our speech, our colour, and our strange attire!
Oh stretch thy reign, fair Peace! from shore to shore
Till conquest cease, and slav'ry be no more;
Till the freed Indians in their native groves
Reap their own fruits and woo their sable loves;
Peru once more a race of kings behold,
And other Mexicos be roofed with gold."

Only very superficially can we skim over the vast subject of this article. We can only mention, in passing, Gray's description of the neighbouring scenes in his Eton Ode. Perhaps if one had to choose the greatest thing ever written about the Thames one would have to turn to the Romantic Revival and to Wordsworth's sublime sonnet on Westminster Bridge:—

"Earth has not anything to show more fair!
Dull would he be of soul who could pass by
A sight so touching in its majesty!"

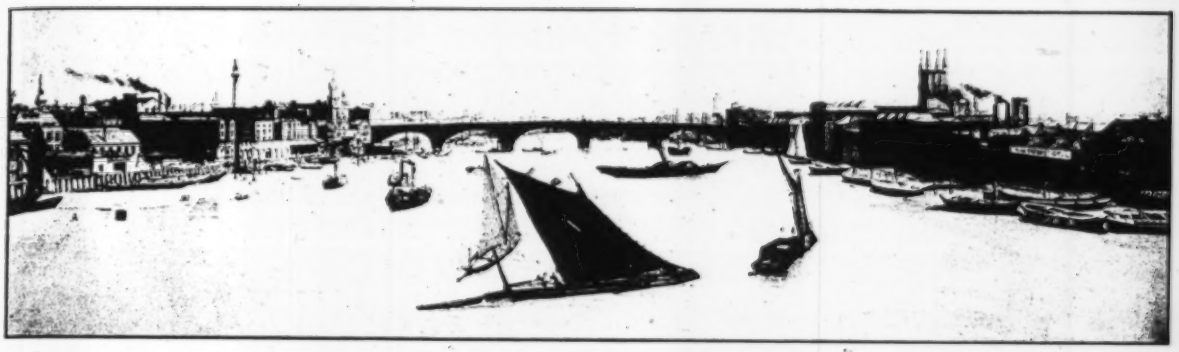
With the Romantic Revival, of course, a new spirit came into the literature of the Thames, as it entered into all other literature. The river was no longer a green-mantled god with oozy tresses and azure eyes. It glided "at its own sweet will," and began to be loved and reverenced, like the rest of nature, for its own sake. In prose perhaps the most wonderful series of pictures ever painted of the Thames is to be found in Dickens. "Our Mutual Friend," a novel which has often been grievously underrated by the critics, is full of the most wonderfully illuminating touches. Nobody could convey the atmosphere of a place, whether it were a lodging-house, a cathedral close, a roaring city, a churchyard, or a river, as Dickens could, and certainly if anyone wishes to know exactly what the real flavour and savour of London river-mud and London river-drama is like, he should read Dickens, and especially "Our Mutual Friend." The opening description of that weird, dirty and disreputable boat on the prowl for floating corpses between Southwark Bridge, "which is of iron," and London Bridge, "which is of stone," as the autumn evening was closing in, is one of the most haunting pictures ever painted. The boat and its occupants alike are creatures of the locality—inasmuch as, like certain animals and insects, they have taken colour from their surroundings—and it is perhaps Dickens's gift of seizing on the essential harmonies in such cases that gives his pictures their extraordinary power.



From an Etching by J. McNeill Whistler. **Rotherhithe.**
(Reproduced from "The Art of James McNeill Whistler," by kind permission of Messrs. Geo. Bell and Sons.)

"The figures in the boat were those of a strong man with ragged grizzled hair and a sun-browned face, and a dark girl of nineteen or twenty, sufficiently like him to be recognisable as his daughter. The girl rowed; the man, with the rudder-lines slack in his hands, kept an eager look-out. . . . There was no clue to what he looked for, but he looked for something with a most intent and searching gaze. The tide, which had turned an hour before, was running down, and his eyes watched every little race and eddy in its broad sweep, as the boat made slight headway against it, or drove stern foremost before it, according as he directed his daughter by a movement of his hand. She watched his face as earnestly as she watched the river. But in the intensity of her look there was a touch of dread or horror.

"Allied to the bottom of the river rather than the surface, by reason of the slime and ooze with which it was covered, and its sodden state, this boat and the two figures in it were obviously doing something that they often did. . . . It happened now that a slant of light from the setting sun glanced into the bottom of the boat, and touching a rotten stain there which bore some resemblance to the outline of a muffled human form, coloured it as though with diluted blood. . . . The red



From an Old Print.

London Bridge from Southwark Bridge.

light was gone, the shudder was gone, and his gaze which had come back to the boat for a moment, travelled away again. Wheresoever the strong tide met with an impediment, his gaze paused for an instant. At every mooring chain and rope, at every stationary barge or boat that split the current into a broad-arrow-head, at the offsets from the pier of Southwark Bridge, at the paddles of the river steamboats as they beat the filthy water, at the floating logs of timber lashed together lying off certain wharves, his shining eyes darted a hungry look. After a darkening hour or so, suddenly the rudder-lines tightened, and he steered hard towards the Surrey shore.

"The girl pulled the hood of her cloak over her face. . . . Until now the boat had barely held her own, and had hovered about one spot; but now the banks changed swiftly, and the deepening shadows and the kindling lights of London Bridge were passed and the tiers of shipping lay on either hand.

"It was not until now that the upper half of the man came back into the boat. His arms were wet and dirty, and he washed them over the side. In his right hand he held something, and he washed that in the river too. It was money. He chinked it once, and he blew upon it once, and he spat upon it once—'for luck,' he hoarsely said—before he put it in his pocket."

From the terrible Thames of smoky London depicted even by the master-hand of Dickens, it is a relief to turn to the poets who have found inspiration in its lovelier upper reaches. How many memories are recalled to thousands by Matthew Arnold's perfect description of the Thames above Godstow Bridge, "when hay-time's here, in June, and many a scythe in sunshine flames," and through the wide fields of breezy grass where black-winged swallows haunt the glittering river, men go by to bathe in the abandoned lasher.

"O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine! . . .
. . . . . .
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard,
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred;
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain."

She has heard of our poor Thames now, as Mr. Swinburne remarked with his wonted grace of compliment in his essay on Arnold; and indeed she might say, now, in Arnold's own words:—

"I know the wood which hides the daffodil,
I know the Fyfield tree,
I know what white, what purple fritillaries
The grassy harvest of the river-fields
Above by Ensham, down by Sandford, yields,
And what sedged brooks are Thames's tributaries.

I know these slopes; who knows them if not I?
But many a dingle on the loved hill-side,
With thorns once studded, old, white-blossomed trees,
Where thick the cowslips grew, and far descried
High towered the spikes of purple orchises,
Hath since our day put by
The coronals of that forgotten time;
Down each green bank hath gone the plough-boy's team,
And only in the hidden brook-side gleam
Primroses, orphans of the flowery prime.

Where is the girl, who by the boatman's door
Above the locks, above the boating throng,
Unmoored our skiff when through the Wytham flats,
Red loose-strife and blond meadow-sweet among,
And darting swallows and light water-gnats,
We tracked the shy Thames shore?
Where are the mowers, who, as the tiny swell
Of our boat passing heaved the river-grass,
Stood with suspended scythe to see us pass?—
They all are gone, and thou art gone as well!"

Another poet of very much the same temperament as Arnold was William Cory, the author of "Ionica," who was for years a master at Eton. His poems are full of the atmosphere of his beloved Thames, the green banks

From an Old Print.

Blackfriars Bridge from Southwark Bridge.

"He denied it again hotly."
(Reproduced from W. W. Jacobs's "The Lady of the Barge," by kind permission of Messrs. Harper Bros.)

fringed with comfrey and loose-strife, the drooping willows, the cool smell of the weedy weir; of glad hours of light-hearted enjoyment with his boy-companions, full of blithe gaiety and laughter; and in the distance the click of racing oars. He is known to many who are ignorant of his best work by the famous "Eton boating song." But many others of his lyrics are equally full of the same high-spirited love of the river expressed in a more classical and sometimes really exquisite literary technique:—

"With half a moon and cloudlets pink,
And water-lilies just in bud,
With iris on the river brink,
And white weed garlands on the mud,
And roses thin and pale as dreams,
And happy cygnets born in May,
No wonder if our country seems
Drest out for Freedom's natal day.

* * * * *

To Freedom born so long ago
We do devoir in very deed
If heedless as the clouds we row
With fruit and wine to Runnymede.

Ah! life is short, and learning long;
We're midway through our mirthful June,
And feel about for words of song
To help us through some dear old tune.

We firmly, fondly seize the joy,
As tight as fingers press the oar,
With love and laughter girl and boy
Hold the sweet days and make them more.

And when our northern stars have set
For ever on the maid we lose,
Beneath our feet she'll not forget
How speed the hours with Eton crews..

Then round the world, good river, run,
And though with you no boat may glide,
Kind river, bear some drift of fun
And friendship to the exile bride."

And again all the youthful sentiment of the summer Thames is awakened for its lovers in exile by Cory's beautiful dirge:—

"Naiad, hid beneath the bank
By the willowy water-side
Where Narcissus gently sank,
Where unmarried echo died,
Unto thy serene repose
Waft the stricken Anterôs.

Where the tranquil swan is borne
Imaged in a watery glass,
Where the sprays of fresh pink thorn
Stoop to catch the boats that pass,
Where the earliest orchis grows
Bury thou fair Anterôs.

Glide we by, with prow and oar
Ripple shadows off the wave,
And reflected on the shore,
Haply play about the grave.
Folds of summer-light enclose
All that once was Anterôs.

On a flickering wave we gaze,
Not upon his answering eyes,
Flower and bird we scarce can praise,
Having lost his sweet replies:
Cold and mute the river flows
With our tears for Anterôs.

Among later writers perhaps the chief interpreter of the beauty of the Thames is Mr. Joseph Conrad, who finds his inspiration once more in the big smoky region of the shipping. "Heart of Darkness," the second story in the volume entitled "Youth," contains some very remarkable pictures:—

"The sea-reach of the Thames stretched before us like the beginning of an interminable waterway. In the offing the sea and the sky were welded together without a joint, and in the luminous space the tanned sails of the barges drifting up with the tide seemed to stand still in red clusters of canvas sharply peaked, with gleams of varnished sprits. A haze rested on the low shores that ran out to sea in vanishing flatness. The air was dark above Gravesend, and farther back still seemed condensed into a mournful gloom, brooding motionless over the biggest and the greatest town on earth."

* * * *

And then comes, we think, one of the finest pieces of prose accomplished in the last twenty years, if, indeed, there be anything very much finer in the prose of any period. It has all the grand qualities of Turner's famous picture, "The Fighting *Temeraire*."

"The sun sank low, and from glowing white changed to a dull red without rays and without heat, as if about to go out suddenly, stricken to death by the touch of that gloom brooding over a crowd of men.

"Forthwith a change came over the waters, and the serenity became less brilliant but more profound. The old river in its broad reach rested unruffled at the decline of day, after ages of good service done to the race that peopled its banks, spread out in the tranquil dignity of a waterway leading to the uttermost ends of the earth. We looked at the venerable stream not in the

vivid flush of a short day that comes and departs for ever, but in the august light of abiding memories. And indeed nothing is easier for a man who has, as the phrase goes, 'followed the sea' with reverence and affection, than to evoke the great spirit of the past upon the lower reaches of the Thames. The tidal current runs to and fro in its unceasing service, crowded with memories of men and ships it had borne to the rest of home or to the battles of the sea. It had known and served all the men of whom the nation is proud, from Sir Francis Drake to Sir John Franklin, knights all, titled and untitled, the great knights-errant of the sea. It had borne all the ships whose names are like jewels flashing in the night of time, from the *Golden Hind* returning with her round flanks full of treasure, to be visited by the Queen's Highness and thus pass out of the gigantic tale, to the *Erebus* and *Terror* bound on other conquests—and that never returned. It had known the ships and the men. They had sailed from Deptford, from Greenwich, from Erith—the adventurers and the settlers; king's ships and the ships of men on 'Change; captains, admirals, the dark 'interlopers' of the Eastern trade, and the commissioned 'generals' of East India fleets. Hunters for gold or pursuers of fame, they all had gone out on that stream, bearing the sword, and often the torch, messengers of the might within the land, bearers of a spark from the sacred fire. What greatness had not floated on the ebb of that river into the mystery of an unknown earth! . . . the dreams of men, the seed of commonwealths, the germs of empires."

Then, as the sun set and dusk fell on the stream and lights began to appear along the shore, the Chapman lighthouse shone strongly, "lights of ships moved in the fairway—a great stir of lights going up and going down. And farther west on the upper reaches the place of the monstrous town was still marked by a lurid glare under the stars." And the mind of the watcher goes still further back into the "Heart of Darkness." He thinks of very old times "when the Romans first came here, nineteen hundred years ago—the other day. . . . Darkness was here yesterday. Imagine the commander of a trireme here—the very end of the world, and going up this river with stores or orders or what you like. Sandbanks, marshes, forests, savages. . . . No Falernian wine here, no going ashore. Here and there a military camp lost in a wilderness, like a needle in a bundle of hay—cold, fog, tempests, disease, exile and death,—death skulking in the air, the water, the bush. They must have been dying like flies here, closed in by all that mysterious life of the wilderness that stirs in the forest, in the jungles, in the hearts of wild men."

"I see Björnson flying like a hunted man acrost the deck."
(Reproduced from Edward Noble's "Shadows from the Thames," by kind permission of Messrs. C. Arthur Pearson, Ltd.)

It would require volumes to cover the subject of the Thames in literature at all adequately; and we could only attempt in the space at our disposal to open up a few vistas for others to traverse if they choose. To traverse them ourselves would be to fill every number of THE BOOKMAN with this article for the next two or three years—a fact which must be our apology for the flying survey we have taken and the many omissions.

"THE BOOKMAN" PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

JULY, 1907.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and the address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 15th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

II.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS of the month is offered for tne six best quotations (three in prose and three in verse) on the companionship of books as opposed to that of people.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best two selections of not more than a hundred words

of poetic prose from English literature (the Bible excepted).

IV.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JUNE.

I.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA offered for the best quotation has been gained by BERNARD MOORE, 41, Glenwood Road, Catford, S.E.

LETTERS TO DEAD AUTHORS. By ANDREW LANG. New Edition.

"Was made lang syne,
Lord knows how, Lang!"
—Burns, *The Twa Dogs.*

Other quotations submitted were:—

WHEN LOVE LEADS. By CHARLES GARVICE.

"Rest your minds in peace——To the altar."
—1 *Henry VI.*, I., 1, 45.

(J. W. MILLER, 86, Queen's Road, Leeds.)

THE IRISH PARLIAMENT. By W. HUNT.

"I will rather trust an Irishman with my aqua-vitæ bottle."
—*Merry Wives*, II., 2, 318.

(W. EWEN, Bridge of Don, Aberdeen.)

MRS. BEETON'S COOKERY.

"O, culinary Sage!
(I do not mean the herb in use
That always goes along with goose)—
How I have feasted on thy page!"
—*Hood.*

(Mrs. MEADOWS, Norton-in-Hales, Market Drayton.)

RISING FORTUNES. By JOHN OXENHAM.

"Some said, 'John, print it'; others said, 'Not so.'
Some said, 'It might do good'; others said, 'No.'"
—Bunyan's *Apology.*

(F. J. BRADLEY, Winton House, Reading.)

II.—THE PRIZE OF THREE NEW NOVELS offered for the six best epigrams has been gained by Miss AMY SAVATARD, Kirkgate, Ripon.

1. "His honour, rooted in dishonour, stood,
And faith, unfaithful, made him falsely true."
—Tennyson.

2. "The Germans in Greek
Are sadly to seek;
Not one in five score
But ninety-nine more,
All, except Hermann—
And Hermann's a German."
—Porson.

3. "Go, teach Eternal Wisdom how to rule—
Then drop into thyself and be a fool!"
—Pope.

4. "May fortitude beneath this blow
Fail not the gallant Gallic nation!
By past experience well we know
Her genius for recuperation.
And as for us—to our disgrace
Your stricture's truth must be conceded:
Would any but a stupid race
Have made the fuss about you *we* did?"
—William Watson.

5. "The greatest argument for love is love."
—Dryden.

6. "While Butler, needy wretch, was yet alive,
No generous patron would a dinner give;
See him, when starved to death, and turned to dust,
Presented with a monumental bust.
The poet's fate is here in emblem shown,—
He asked for bread, and he received a stone."
—Wesley.

III.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA offered for the six best examples of Addison's irony has been awarded to Mrs. SIMS, 3, Roughdown, Boxmoor.

1. "Your Drums are the blusterers in conversation, that with a loud laugh, unnatural mirth, and a torrent of noise, domineer in public assemblies. I need not observe, that the emptiness of the Drum very much contributes to its noise."
—"The Tatler," No. 153.

2. ". . . One of those female historians that upon all occasions enters into pedigrees and descents, and finds herself related, by some offshoot or other, to almost every great family in England."
—"The Tatler," No. 157.

3. "Advertisements are instruments of ambition. A man that is by no means big enough for the Gazette, may easily creep into the advertisements."—"The Tatler," No. 224.

4. "I was wonderfully pleased with such a mixed kind of furniture as seemed very suitable both to the lady and the scholar, and did not know at first whether I should fancy myself in a grotto or in a library."
—"The Spectator," No. 37. A Lady's Library.

5. "It has been said in the praise of some men, that they could talk whole hours together upon any thing; but it must be owned to the honour of the other sex, that there are many among them who can talk whole hours together upon nothing."
—"The Spectator," No. 247.

6. "Were women admitted to plead in courts of judicature, I am persuaded they would carry the eloquence of the bar to greater heights than it has yet arrived at. If any one doubts this, let him but be present at those debates which frequently arise among the ladies of the British fishery."
—"The Spectator," No. 247.

IV.—The PRIZE OF ONE YEAR'S SUBSCRIPTION to THE BOOKMAN has been gained by Miss MACADAM, 44, South Street, St. Andrew's, and Mr. A. MILLER, 86, Queen's Road, Hyde Park, Leeds.

New Books.

"THE TIMES" HISTORY OF THE WAR IN SOUTH AFRICA.*

The fifth volume of the Times History of the South African War takes us up to the conclusion of peace, and deals with the guerilla war which took place after the surrender of Cronje and Prinsloo. The writer, Mr. Erskine Childers, has produced a book fully up to the standard of his predecessors, and the whole work forms up to date the best available history of the operations against the Transvaal Republic and the Orange Free State. The sixth and final volume will deal with the lessons of the war, and will contain certain chapters on the various technical branches, such as the artillery, the use of the railways, the transport question, etc.

In his preface to the new issue Mr. Childers points out that "although regular war and guerilla war are convenient terms to denote two widely different forms of military activity, it would be a profound mistake to assume that they have nothing in common. Both pursue the same end, and both are governed by the same fundamental principles." It has been too much the fashion with English military writers to believe the contrary, and to assume that there is one method of making war against civilised forces, and another of conducting operations against ill-organised bodies, whereas the few and simple rules which govern the proper conduct of military movements are of universal application, and when, as is too often the case, writers fail to appreciate this, it is because they do not thoroughly understand what they really are. Hence such loose statements as that "the rules of strategy do not apply to savage war" are totally without justification, and it is well that British officers and British military writers should study works like the volume before us, and see how clearly it is shown therein that the theory which must be observed in Europe is equally dominant when carrying on operations in South Africa.

"Whether the enemy be based on rich and populous towns linked by a network of railways, or on nomadic knots of wagons filled from half-ravaged mealie fields, whether he draws ammunition from well-equipped arsenals, or gleans it from deserted camping grounds,

* "'The Times' History of the War in South Africa." Vol. V. 21s. net. (Sampson Low, Marston and Co.)

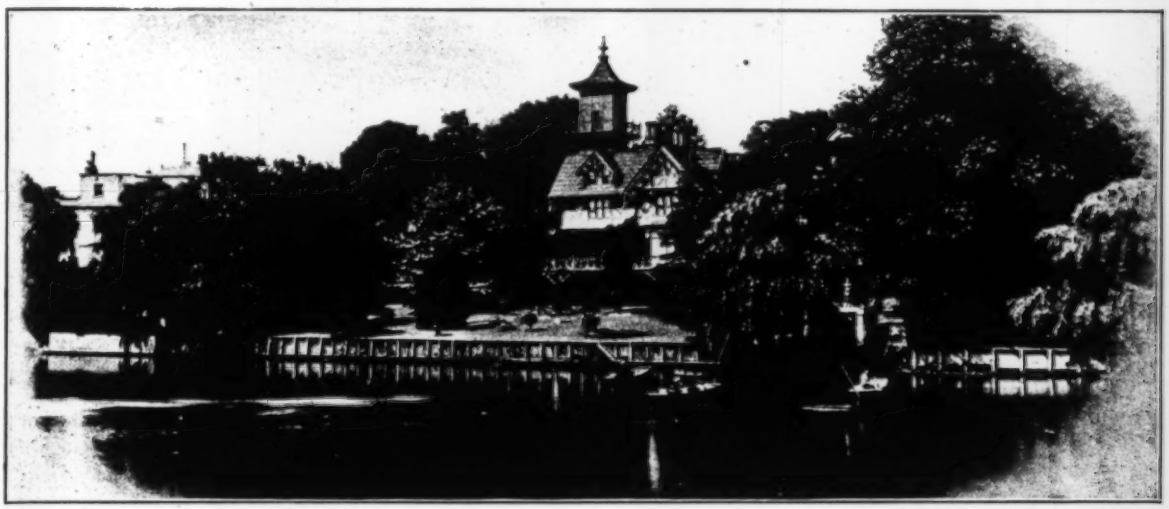


Photo by Taunt, Oxford. **Pope's Villa, Twickenham.**

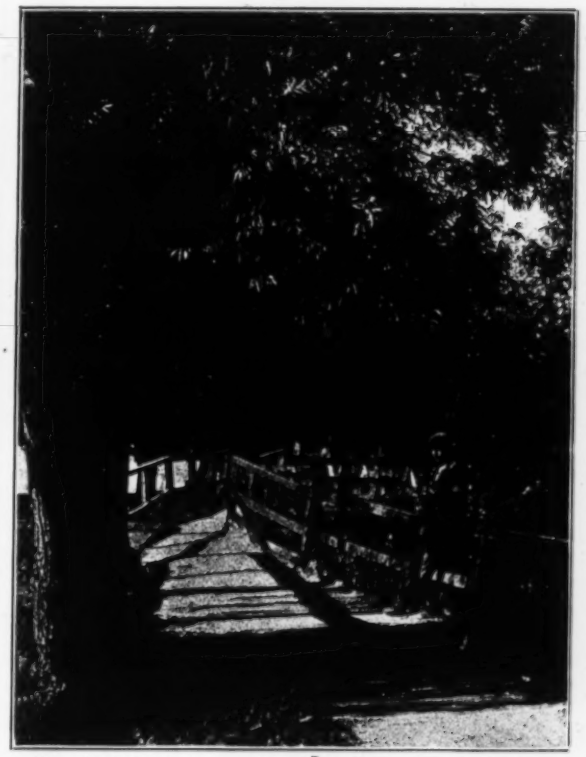


Photo by Taunt, Oxford.
"Have I not pass'd thee on the wooden bridge? —"The Scholar Gipsy."

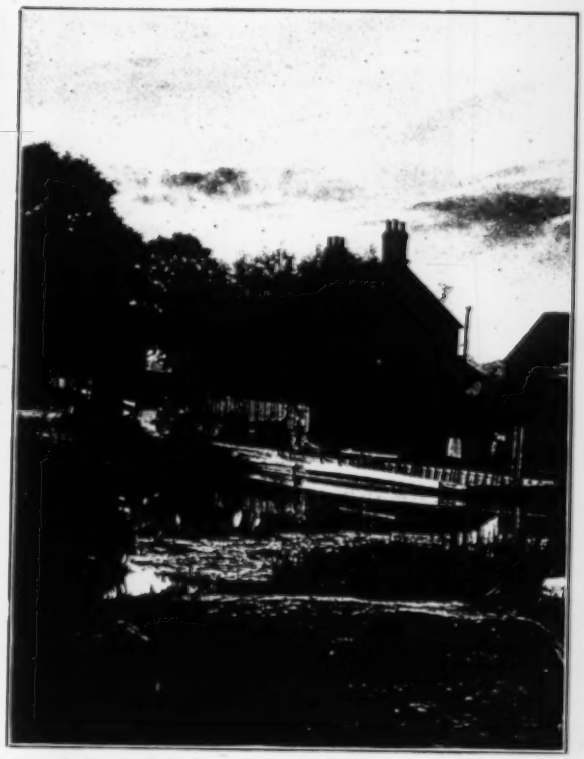
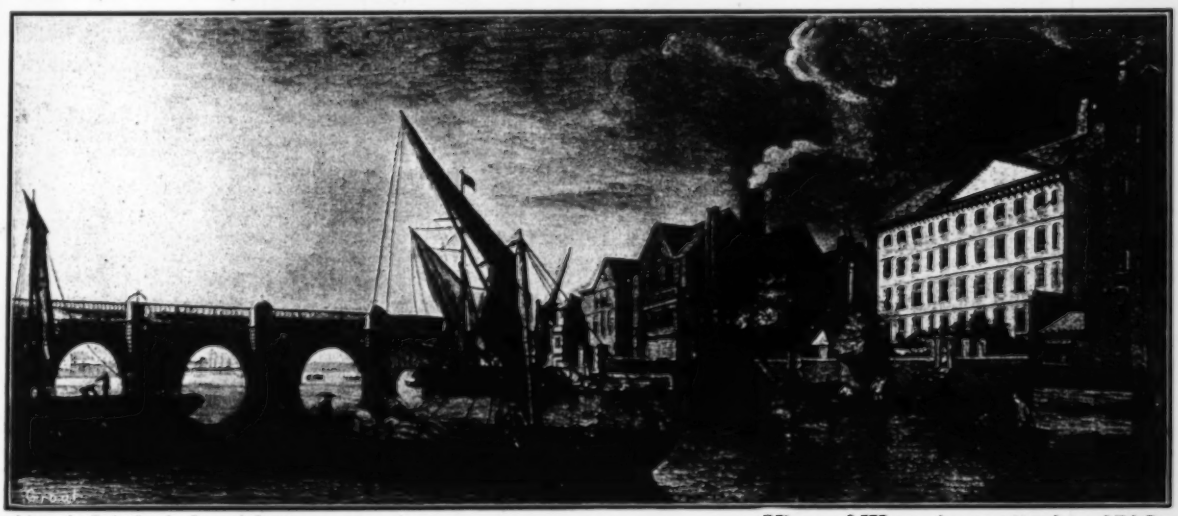


Photo by Taunt, Oxford.
"Crossing the stripling Thames."—"The Scholar Gipsy."



After the Painting by Samuel Scott. **View of Westminster Bridge, 1769.**

whether he manœuvres in armies 100,000 strong or in commandos 500 strong, the problem of grappling with that enemy and forcing him to admit defeat is, in essentials, the same. Moreover it is the peculiar interest of guerilla war that it illuminates much that is obscure and difficult in regular war. . . . . Subjected to close analysis, one of Kitchener's combinations may be perceived to have succeeded or failed from the same causes which dictated the success or failure of Marlborough's combinations. It is equally true that in many of the short and sharp actions described in this volume there may be distinguished, following one another with kinematographic rapidity and vividness, the same phases through which long struggles on historic battlefields have passed."

Bearing this in mind, a very short analysis will show why, as an operation of war, our movements up to the time Lord Roberts left for England had produced so little real effect, and gone such a short way towards producing that state of mind in our adversaries which would induce them to sue for peace.

The greater the rapidity with which the struggle is carried on, the more severe and frequent the blows inflicted on the opponents, the more quickly are they brought to see the desirabilty of putting an end to a struggle in which they are constantly being worsted. Now from the very first the war was conducted in spasms of attack, acute while they lasted, but with such long intervals in between that the enemy was always able to recover from them. There were many reasons for this, the greatest and most influential being that at the outset we did not appreciate the very simple fact that a man on foot can never catch a man on a horse. This, indeed, is the one important lesson taught by the war, though whether it was worth while spending £250,000,000 to learn it is a matter of doubt. Failing to appreciate the kind of force required, our authorities began the struggle with an army corps which never acted together before or after its constitution. Now an army corps is an excellent organisation against a foe similarly organised, but is a particularly impotent formation for dealing with one who never intends to fight a pitched battle. Against a mobile adversary, mobility is the first requirement. It is scarcely too much to say that we never possessed this necessary equipment till towards the end of the struggle. At last, taught by experience, the pursuing columns were constituted on the same lines as the commandoes they were sent after. Artillery and baggage were reduced to a minimum, and every effort made to place the English columns on an equal footing as regards mobility with the men they were chasing. Even then the Boers would probably have maintained the field in a desultory fashion, but for the happy thought of the blockhouse system, by which the whole country from Pretoria to Bloemfontein, and from the Drakensberg to the Vaal River, was cut up into sections. It is quite true that the barriers erected, even protected as they were by the blockhouses, which flanked them with their fire, could still be crossed by determined bodies of men. But they much hampered the movements of the enemy, and more important still, they prevented communication, and thus hindered consultation and concerted action, between the isolated Boer commandos.

But it was not alone to greater mobility, nor to the construction of the barrier lines that success was ultimately due; it was much more to the rational system of action introduced by the British commanders. Instead of the solemn processions which were the fashion at the commencement of the guerilla warfare, which led to no great result, because they were unable to bring any large bodies of Boers to a standstill and determined fight, the better plan was introduced of sudden concentration by means of night marches against the enemy.

These led to constant small successes which when totalled up produced considerable effect. Thus "Bruce Hamilton accounted for 690 Boers in six weeks, and the moral effect on the enemy, due to the constant strain and unrest caused by the night raid tactics, was even more important. Accustomed as they had been to long periods of rest, varied by sharp spurts of activity, the new methods brought home to the Boers . . . the relentless purpose of the British, and the futility of resistance."

But while we were thus learning much from our opponents and bettering their methods against them, the Boers had in their turn acquired a good deal from us. In all the early stages of the war there was a consistent inability on the part of our mounted troops to come to close quarters with their adversaries, and yet there can be no doubt that irregular horsemen, if really got at by regular cavalry, must inevitably be defeated. This was clearly shown at Elandslaagte. Towards the end of the war the Boers adopted what may roughly be described as charging tactics, and at the action of Roodeval on the 19th April, 1902, over a thousand of them rode down on our men, covering their advance by the rapid fire of the magazine rifles from the saddle. The attack was a failure, but is nevertheless worthy of notice as showing that even under modern conditions, horsemen may still dare to attack infantry.

We shall look forward with considerable interest to the sixth volume, in which the Times writers are to formulate their general deductions from the war. In the meantime, the five parts already published give a most clear and excellent account of the military proceedings, from the opening of hostilities to the conclusion of peace.

WALTER H. JAMES.

A RAEL MANXMAN.*

"Crude they are, I grant you—a sort of unlicked, incondite things—villainously pranked in an affected array of antique phrases. They had not been *his*, if they had been other than such; and better it is, that a writer should be natural in a self-pleasing quaintness, than to affect a naturalness (so called) that should be strange to him." That is Charles Lamb, of course; but those who cannot agree or sympathise with the point of view, may well steer clear of "The 'Widda-Man.'" In that case they will find themselves to leeward of a fine book; theirs will be the disadvantage.

The style is, frankly, extraordinary. Descriptions of the Isle of Man, poetic passages of a beauty almost incredible, bringing magically to the mind's eye "the bosom-jewel of the azure main"; character-drawing of a singular power and sweetness; racy dialect, now pointed, now wonderfully tender: among all this the author scatters epithets, sentences, and paragraphs for whose latinity and queer stiffness there is only one word, namely old-fashioned. He sometimes indulges in wretched, unnecessary euphemisms. For example: one year the autumnal gales are much worse than usual; the *Sparkling Wave* is overdue from the Lerwick fishery. Jane Gell is fearful for her husband. That,

> "Men must work and women must weep,
> Though storms be sudden and waters deep,
> And the harbour bar be moaning,"

is pretty hackneyed by now, except—except for those who know what it is to wait the boats home in wild weather. Beautifully, with honest sentiment, Mr. Kingston Clarke renews the all too commonplace situation.

> "Sleep! how could her wearied eyes find sleep. . . . In such nightly terror a woman becomes an easy prey to terrible forebodings that gnaw away the springs of life like a worm at the bud. Then in the daytime, with the dark, bespeaking circles about her eyes, she would take Jem's letters from the drawer to read and re-read the contents. They were full of love, and tenderness, and hopefulness; for, apparently, he had fully recovered his wonted spirits. The last letter of his was even jubilant: 'They were all well aboard the boat, and it had been a middlin' good season, taking it altogether, and soon he would be home once more.'
> "*The margin of each missive was thickly sown with cryptic signs that were not unintelligible.* So Jane fervently kissed the letters, and held them for Mona's ruddy lips to kiss the crosses that 'da-da' had sent, as she prayed to the Eternal Father to shield and protect her man from the fury of that pitiless blast."

That sentence in italics. . . .

Yet—for in such matters criticism must be more or less personal—I do not greatly wish the book without these lapses into "old-fashioned" diction. Better to descend from the splendid to the stilted, than from the splendid to the trite. When an author lends one such good eyes, 'tis unbecoming to quarrel with the occasional twists of his tongue. Most evidently, here, the style's the man. To prune the style would be to maim the author, and, I think, the book too.

Dan Gorry, the "Widda-Man," skipper of the *Sparkling Wave*, childless, child-hungry widower; helper of widows and those in trouble, and foster-father of orphans; Methody preacher and quoter of the Bible, yet never for a moment

* "The 'Widda-Man'; or, A Rael Manxman." By T. Kingston Clarke. 6s. (Constable.)

From a Coloured Aquatint engraved by R. and D. Howell, 1811. **Cliveden Woods.**

Photo by Taunt, Oxford. **View from Richmond Hill.**

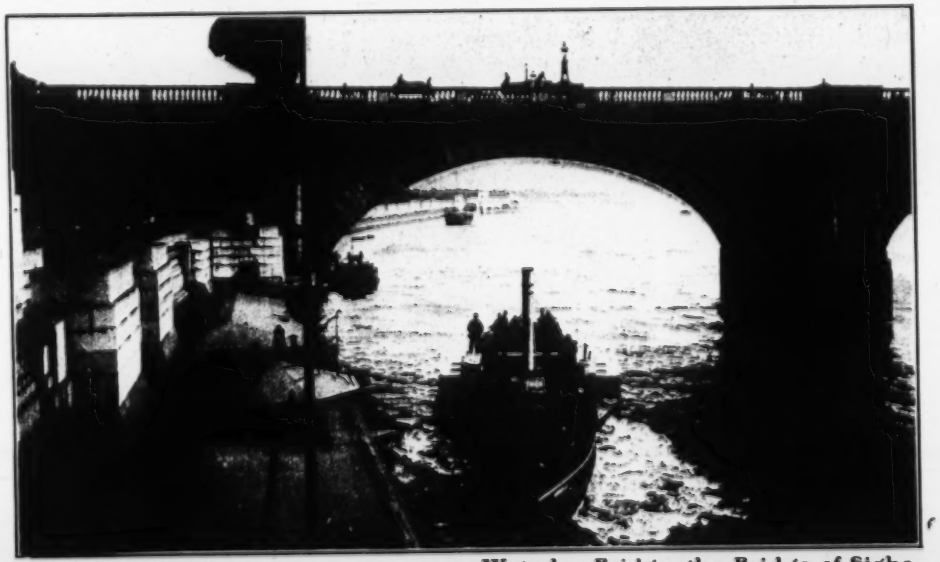


Photo by Taunt, Oxford. **Waterloo Bridge—the Bridge of Sighs.**

From a Water-Colour by J. M. W. Turner, R.A. **Windsor Castle.**

ranter or text-brandisher; wise, because simple, soul; entirely a man;—cannot be shortly described. The whole volume is occupied with doing that; with showing him in his environment, and with showing the effect of him on that environment. Were he less than he is, half the book would be irrelevant. But he is so lifted up that he draws all the other characters unto him, and the book is one whole, not a medley. When the Skipper hears that a book is to be written about his island and countrymen, he (ignorant that himself will be the hero) gives this advice, which is excellently well followed, except as regards the conventional plot:—

"Aw, ay, boy, gev 'em a plot, or I'm afeared thou wouldn' tempt the readers to plundar through it. An' explain the workin's of a man's innards—them things that's often distressin' him. An' thry to 'lighten 'em as to why a pessin does this, that, an' the orther. Jus' a simple, life-lek surt o' storey—all tears an' laughter; with a bir [bit] o' the sooreyin' [courting]; an' introduce in it a li'l chile or two. Bur on no account don't be draggin' some poor unfortunit gel through the pages, lek a dollop of filthy rags."

The author of "The 'Widda-Man'" has a curious way of discussing his work with the reader even while it is in progress. He knows himself to be in possession of a magnificent subject. Can he do justice to it? By taking the reader into his confidence, sharing his hopes and fears, he intensifies strangely the impression of good faith and truth to life. There are some books so sincere, so attuned to the great, primitive issues of man and nature, that they infect the would-be critic with a sort of reverence, and perhaps, mundanely speaking, pervert his judgement a little. "The 'Widda-Man'" is one of those books.

STEPHEN REYNOLDS.

SIR R. JEBB'S ESSAYS AND ADDRESSES.*

Few scholars in modern times have secured so large a place in general regard as Sir Richard Jebb. The world has become too busy to pay much heed to the quiet student of antiquity, while the classics themselves, owing to the vast increase of knowledge, have a less eminent place, even among the educated, than they once occupied. Greek no longer holds the key to new realms of thought as it did at the Renaissance; elegant Latinity to-day affords no introduction to the court or the council-chamber as in the time of Erasmus or of Milton; the classical references of William Pitt would be lost on a modern Parliament; and perhaps no Minister will in the future afford a parallel to the story of Lord Granville, who in 1762, when almost dying, found an incentive to work in a quotation from Homer, and set himself to studying the Treaty of Paris, while he repeated the final word—ἰομεν, ἰομεν, "Let us go forward." The expert in Greek must be content for the most part "to walk the studious cloisters pale," and be forgotten; but it was Jebb's happy fortune both to be a Professor of Greek, and also to play a not inconspicuous part in public life. Students of high eminence in many branches of learning have often sat at St. Stephen's, but, probably, no one ever before took his place there whose chief distinction was a singularly refined and sympathetic knowledge of Greek literature. And it might have seemed that a life spent chiefly in examining the subtle art of Attic oratory or Sophoclean verse was a poor preparation for the House of Commons. But Jebb, to the lasting benefit of classical study, proved that it might be exactly the reverse. For though a profound classical scholar, he had no touch of pedantry, and interpreted the word "humanism" in the largest sense. "Europe," he writes, "owes to humanism the creation of a new atmosphere, the diffusion of a new spirit, the initiation of forces making for intellectual light, for the advance of knowledge in every field, and not merely for freedom, but for something without which freedom itself may be a burden or a curse, the power to comprehend its right limits and to employ it for worthy ends." And it was in the spirit of the early humanists that he had himself always worked. While exploring obscure scholia or pondering some fine point of criticism, he had never forgotten that the study of ancient literature, though it must often be technical and even "esoteric," should, above all, be a training of "the intelligence and sympathies" for all purposes of active life, and when he entered Parliament, he himself illustrated the truth of his own view. He showed that the study of Greek is not incompatible with a knowledge of affairs, and that an expert in Pindaric metres may be practical in Committee and clear-headed in debate, while at the same time, both in speech and business, he touched everything, as it were, with that larger light which illumines "the serene temples high-reared by the learning of the wise," and those who have trod their quiet and secluded courts. He won from the first a place of his own in the House, where his learning, judgment, and temperate eloquence exercised an influence which is rarely obtained by those who enter it late. And the present volume shows how he was enabled to do so. The separate essays have, indeed, each an intrinsic merit of its own, but its real interest is, we think, in the light it throws on the writer himself. It gives proof at once of his singularly fine scholarship, and also of his wide and catholic outlook. He discusses a theme so abstruse as "The Sophoclean Trilogy" with the *acumen* of Bentley; brings the erudition of an expert, and the intuition of a poet to bear on the interpretation of Pindar; throws new light on historical criticism while examining Froude's "Cæsar" or "The Speeches of Thucydides"; and then deviates into an essay on "Samuel Johnson," which, both as regards his style and his personality, is a model of discriminating and sympathetic judgment. The reader feels everywhere that he is in the presence of one whose knowledge of literature is at once accurate and far-reaching, and whose native taste has been so cultivated by patient study as to be almost unerring. But when he turns to the essays or addresses, which deal with the relation of the "humanities" to education and life, he will find something more. He will find that Jebb, though the first of contemporary scholars, has no narrow views as to the claims of scholarship. He does indeed maintain, with just and sober eloquence, "that literary studies form an indispensable element of a really liberal education," but he equally approves of Henry Sidgwick's conclusion that "intellectual culture, at the end of the nineteenth century, must include as its most essential element a scientific habit of mind . . . acquired by the methodical study of some part at least of what the human race has come scientifically to know." The address on "University Education and National Life," in which he expresses this view, has a two-fold interest, for it was his last, and it was delivered in South Africa. Standing there, in that strange land, his frail bent form almost pathetically contrasted with the ruder life around him, with that close grasp of fact and that Attic simplicity of style which were so dear to him, he dwelt on the relation which must exist between liberal studies and all real progress. Possibly no two men might appear more unlike than Cecil Rhodes and Richard Jebb. Yet here they seem to stand side by side, and in their latest message to the world they speak with a common voice. It will be an ill day when the characters of the student and the statesman are wholly separated, when the ideals of the closet have no influence in the council; and this volume affords a happy, though undesigned, proof that between politics and polite letters there may be correspondence not only of name, but of reality.

T. E. PAGE.

* "Essays and Addresses of Sir R. C. Jebb, Litt.D., O.M." Edited by Lady Jebb. 648 pp. 10s. 6d. net. (Cambridge University Press.)

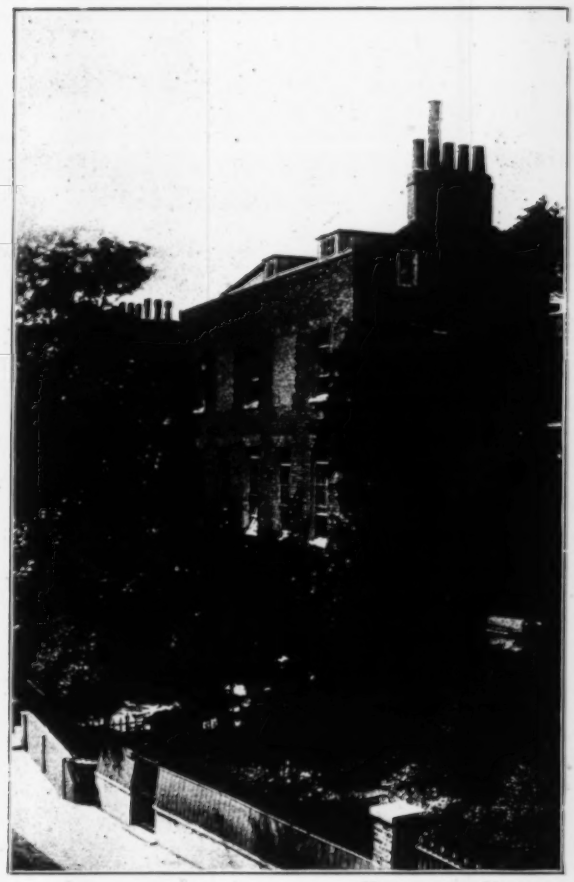
THE HISTORY OF PAINTING.*

Leslie Stephen, who so greatly prized good sense and moderation, used to complain that at the present day we are permanently in a passion; our art critics, he said, are never satisfied with their frame of mind till they have lashed themselves into a fit of rhetoric. And this seems to be the case from Ruskin unto Tolstoi, and through the rank and file. Yet the warring critics might be reconciled by some philosopher who would emulate the conciliatory landlord of the "Rainbow." You will remember he was a man of neutral disposition accustomed to stand aloof from human differences as those of beings all alike in need of liquor; and in every instance said the disputants were both right and both wrong. "Come, come," said the landlord, "the truth lies atween you."

Tolstoi said of Professor Muther's "History of Art in the

* "The History of Painting from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century." By Richard Muther, Professor in the University of Breslau. Translated from the German by George Kriehn. Two volumes. 21s. net. (Putnam.)

By R. Smirke, R.A. **Queen Elizabeth at Tilbury.**



Kelmscott House.

After a Painting by Vicat Cole. **The Pool of London.**

Nineteenth Century," that it was a very good German work; but the author in describing the pre-Raphaelites, Decadents, and Symbolists not only did not venture to blame their tendency, but endeavoured to widen his standard to include them all. Now, says Tolstoi, you should start by giving a definition of true art, and then decide what is, and what is not good art by judging whether a work conforms to the definition; an ingenious method of putting the cart before the horse. Tolstoi declares art to be one of the means of intercourse between man and man, but ominously insists it is not a means to pleasure; it is a human activity. Why not a happy activity? Bacon's quaint description of the art dovetails with the definitions of the modern school of Physiological Æsthetics, including the condition of "a pleasurable excitement of the nervous system." "The painter must do it," says Bacon, "by a kind of felicity."

Perhaps one may be allowed to ask, in passing, why is not Grant Allen's tract given to us in these days of reprints? He has waited long for his public, but with the extended interest in art surely this should be arriving now.

All these modern definitions are but amplifications of Schiller's theory that art springs from the play-impulse of children of the larger growth; and in some sort Bacon seems to have anticipated Schiller. The theory is discarded by Tolstoi and the Puritans, and we shall not attempt to particularise how the truth, as the landlord of the "Rainbow" would suggest, lies between them; or if we make a transposition in the title of Professor Muther's present work, whether it were more exact to say he writes the History of a Human Activity, or the History of a Play Impulse from the Fourth to the Early Nineteenth Century? At all events, Professor Muther himself says that he tries to explain from the psychology of each period its dominant style, and interprets works of art as "human documents." It will be seen that this is a large enterprise when he must take all the history of Europe for his raw material and show how it is assimilated through human endeavour into bud and blossom and the fine flower of art.

The author's treatment of the subject is so lively that the general reader may find entertainment in these volumes; although to read with advantage he must bring with him to the section of Mediæval Art some knowledge of the legends of the Church and understanding of symbolism. Apparently Professor Muther wants space for due attention to these indispensable elements in right comprehension, summarising admirably, but at once, as follows:—

"As during the nineteenth century painting was the product of an epoch predominantly literary, so in the *trecento* the great poets and thinkers, Dante and Petrarca, swaying all minds, compelled the artist also to approach his work as a poet rather than as a painter. While the painting of the *trecento*, just because of its spiritual and didactic tendencies, had never achieved progress, the *quattrocento*, which was more modest in scope, was all the richer in purely artistic achievements.

The fifteenth century is an epoch in which the principles of two ages contend with each other, the religious ideas of the waning middle age, and the worldly delight of the modern spirit. The same double tendency permeates painting.

Not merely in their delight in the external world are its painters the real children of the time; but as technical pioneers they are the worthy associates of Columbus and Gutenberg. Only upon the foundations which the *quattrocento* had laid could modern painting arise."

Our author deals in wide generalisations, and we cannot expect always detailed excellence. We think, for example, that when he comes to the period of Velasquez he insists too much upon a preconceived theory. The pictures of Velasquez, he says, reflect so overpoweringly the essence of ancient Spanish royalty, that they seem created by the spirit of royalism, and were governed often "by no ideal of beauty, but the rule of Spanish etiquette." He thinks the individuality of Velasquez can "best be explained from his endeavour to appear as a courtier rather than as a painter":—

"Not only did he live in the midst of the most ancient nobility of Europe, in the royal palace itself, loaded with all the titles of a courtier; but he was himself descended from an ancient and noble family."

In fact, his family was of the inferior nobility *(hidalgos)* and not entitled to the style of "Don." Dilating upon this supposed family pride of Velasquez, which, like that of Pooh-Bah, was something inconceivable, Professor Muther quite gratuitously continues:—

"So much did he feel himself an ancient Spanish cavalier, and so conscious was he of his dignity as master of his Majesty's household, that it offended him to be regarded as a painter. Nothing that could remind one of his profession can be seen in the portrait of himself in the Uffizi; neither the palette nor even the eye of a painter. Cold and proud, distinguished and solemn as a Spanish grandee, he looks down upon the beholders."

What can be said of this? In the portrait of Velasquez there is, in truth, a proud resolution in the set of mouth and jaw and in the line of the brows above the haunting eyes; but in the fine sensitive face this pride speaks to us in the spirit of Bruno's verse, when of the Nine Singers the Fifth chanted to a Spanish timbrel,

> "And through the darkness into light we soar!
> To full fruition all high thought is brought
> With such brave patience ——"

Why should we say more? But that, indeed, Professor Muther has not "explained" Velasquez!

However, he is more happy in his explanation of Gainsborough's famous portrait of Mrs. Siddons when he is speaking of the portraiture of women in general at this period, and contrasting French aristocratic art with the triumph of the *bourgeoisie* in England:—

"Even the character of the pose is characteristic; that of the lady who has just come from the street from a short visit with a friend. While with the French the predominant trait is still worldly joy and a soft sensuality, we already find here the intelligent emancipated woman, prepared to be the rival of man in all branches of intellectual activity."

This is an opinion that will be agreeable to many readers; and on more than one account, we may conclude, without "rhetoric," a large audience will feel indebted to the author for this new edition of his pleasant volumes. F. E. PHILLIPS.

RECOLLECTIONS AND IMPRESSIONS.*

This is an altogether delightful book of memories, pervaded with a delightful old-world fragrance, and written with a quiet sense of humour, too, that is among the most valuable as well as among the rarest gifts of writers of this kind of autobiography. This is manifested from the very beginning, where the talented authoress genially prints a friend's witticism at her own expense. "If Mr. Blackwood wants a second title for your book, how would 'Cobwebs from an Old Cellar' do?" Certainly the vintage is rare enough to come from a very cob-webby cellar; but the cobwebs are not clinging to this bright decanter. Some idea of the interest of the book may be gathered from the fact that it contains memories of Tennyson, Carlyle, Browning, De Quincey, Jowett, Tourguénief, George Eliot, Matthew Arnold, Herbert Spencer, Mrs. Oliphant, Froude, Huxley, and a host of others, including living persons.

Here, for instance, is an interesting little glimpse of Mrs. Sellar's nephew, Andrew Lang, in 1871.

"Being then under the influence of Rossetti and Morris—whose 'Two Red Roses Across the Moon' conveyed more meaning to him than it did to an older generation, he declared that Clough's poems were poetry about the Thirty-nine Articles. 'Then what subjects would *you* select as suitable for poetry?' was his uncle's somewhat indignant question, for Clough was a man for whom he had a great love and admiration, fully echoing Principal Shairp's words, 'One of the noblest men of his time, so true, so deep, yet gentle-hearted too, and tender'! To his uncle's question his nephew's somewhat ambiguous reply was 'Apple-blossom,' which made us all laugh and realise then, as advancing age has made one do over and over again since, that each generation has its own prophets and heroes."

We get another glimpse of Herbert Spencer, in his earlier days, declaring that he was "not caviare to the general, but cod-liver oil! for he was quite sure that ninety-nine people out of a hundred would, if asked, prefer taking the cod-liver oil to reading a chapter of any of his books!" He was full of fads and theories about his health; was afraid to get into an argument lest it disturbed his "somniferous faculties"; and once "when Mr. Jowett was staying with us," so great was Herbert Spencer's fear of an encounter of wits that he lay down with india-rubber balls on his ears—an invention of his own, which proved so successful that he fell asleep, and when

* "Recollections and Impressions." By Mrs. Sellar. 10s. 6d. net. (William Blackwood and Sons.)

he awoke, like a giant refreshed, Mr. Jowett had come and gone!

Tennyson's gay parodies of the ballad; the tea that was made, accidentally, with the salt water that had been brought up for Miss Brewster's bath; the weird and somewhat gruesome dream which Tourguénief related, and a swarm of charming pictures of Edinburgh society, are interspersed with descriptions of historical interest; for instance, Mrs. Sellar's account of Carlyle's address to the Edinburgh students on their electing him as their Lord Rector:

"He had at first refused the honour unless the necessity of a public speech was withdrawn, but that being impossible, he finally consented. . . . I remember that morning Principal Sir David Brewster calling here, partly to give us two extra tickets he had, and partly to let off his agitation and anxiety, for he had just heard that Carlyle was not going to read his speech, and he—perhaps judging from himself—felt an extempore speech would mean fiasco and a complete breakdown. . . ." "I was fortunate in getting a front seat; and it was a sight I shall never forget as the Chancellors and the Professors brought in the Lord Rector in his heavy robes, which, characteristically, he cast aside as soon as he began to speak, and stood before us, a world-famous man, in his plain everyday clothes. World-wearied he looked as with weak voice he turned to address the students of the same University in which he himself had been a student fifty-six years before. Few but those beside him could have heard a word of the address; but absolute silence reigned, as in soft, earnest language, made picturesque by the form in which it was expressed, he proceeded to impress upon them the elementary duties of diligence, fidelity, and honest exertion in their present work as a preparation for their coming life." He wound up with Goethe's hymn which he had called to Sterling "the marching music of the Teutonic nations," and he finished with the words which, to the end, were so often upon his lips, *Wir heissen euch hoffen*. "I think this was the most impressive scene I have ever witnessed." The sequel brings this home to us.

Mrs. Sellar's book is one of the pleasantest and most refreshing volumes of reminiscence that we have come across for many a long day: it not only makes the past live, but it helps to re-kindle the really great and worthy enthusiasms of literature, a task which is one of those most needed in the present generation.

THE DISORDERED EAST.*

We English have acquired the habit of idolising. A few years ago we were worshipping Russia as the "poor Indian" does reverence before the image of his god, lest he should incur its anger. Now that that idol has been burnt up in Manchurian flames, we have turned our awe-struck faces in another direction, and are never tired of bowing the knee before the new divinity named Japan. This time the obeisance is more reasonable. Japan has indeed done big things. None the less is our reverence a trifle excessive. It would be better worth having were it mingled with a little sane criticism. But people will not understand that one may entertain a proper appreciation of Japan and respect the Anglo-Japanese Alliance without going the length of talking and writing as though the Japanese were demi-gods or embodied miracles.

The public mind being thus obsessed, I tremble for Mr. Putnam Weale, who has dared to write a book on the Far East, in which the Japanese are not the heroes. Though there are grounds for supposing that Mr. Weale does not like the Japanese, he gives them their due. He has nothing to say against their conduct of the war; indeed, the conduct of the war is not his subject; and he recognises quite handsomely the excellence of the organisation he saw at work for feeding and demobilising Oyama's armies. During his journey, soon after the declaration of peace, across Korea to Port Arthur and thence into China, he saw many surprising and significant sights; but none seems to have impressed him more than the arrangements for the rapid though gradual conveyance of nearly a million men from the field of war to their homes with "expedition, smooth, unending regularity, and the strictest sanitation." So far, his pronouncements are what the Japiolater might expect; but when he asserts that the renewal of the treaty with England aided Japan to come to an understanding with Russia which was more welcome to herself than to her foe—when he suggests that the conqueror was at the end of her tether—he puts upon the peace a complexion different from that generally recognised, a complexion which, in its freedom from powder and rouge, will not be viewed with general delight.

Nor are Mr. Weale's opinions consoling to those who vainly imagine that the Portsmouth Conference settled affairs in the Far East. There is no peace, says Mr. Weale: it is but a truce; and he goes on to assure us that Japan is already preparing for the next outbreak, when the English Alliance has run its ten years' course, by increasing her army, improving her cavalry, and breeding a new type of heavy cavalry horse. It may be said that the Japanese, being an intelligent people, may have undertaken these improvements because they have learnt from the war wherein their house is weak, and that their minds are not wholly set on another encounter with Russia. Mr. Weale, however, argues on logical lines. Perhaps he is a little too logical—too much inclined to drawing large deductions from his observations. But if we condemn him on that account, we cast a slur incidentally on the whole race of political prophets possessed of what is called the "larger vision." The truth is that no man's vision is large enough to look into the future. He can but guess. Ten years is not long in the life of nations, yet it may prove sufficient to alter the situation in the Far East to an extent which Mr. Weale does not think possible. In ten years Japan's new cavalry may be employed against other foes than Russian, and Russia's (possibly) reorganised army may be active thousands of miles distant from Manchuria. Why, in ten years, if some folks are to be believed who think themselves as shrewd as Mr. Weale or any political prophet whatsoever, war will have ceased from the earth, and we shall have beaten our ironclads into long-excursion flying-machines!

Being suspicious of prophecy, I like Mr. Weale best when he is telling of the sights he saw in Korea, in and around Port Arthur, and in China; and when he is descanting on the infinite possibilities of the Chinese people. With Korea he was not greatly impressed. He saw no chance of Japanese colonisation there. In the first place, the Koreans hate the Japanese with the hatred (to quote Tacitus) of a man for his brother. In the second place, no large part of the land is favourable to agriculture. In the third, what there is has already been occupied by the Koreans, leaving small room for immigrants. With regard to the dishevelled fortress of Port Arthur, Mr. Weale gives us interesting glimpses of the havoc wrought by Japanese guns, and entertains us with an account of the museum founded by the victors. In this museum are to be seen curious examples of the military impedimenta of the Russians. "There are all kinds of uniforms, shirts, boots, and clothing; and then, in one corner, there is a veritable ladies' department! Here scent, soap, cambric handkerchiefs, ladies' boots and ball-shoes, corsets, chemises, and a hundred other feminine trifles, are piled high, showing that the Czar's commissariat, with true Russian gallantry, provided everything *au bonheur des dames!*" Mr. Weale says he paused in astonishment before this extraordinary display, and asked the Japanese officer who accompanied him whether these things were all actually found in the army depôts, or whether they had been gathered together. "Not only these things," he answered, "but many others; there were even babies' cradles!"

Mr. Weale confesses to an "odd shock" after crossing the Yalu and finding before him a "big country of big men and big things." He waxes almost enthusiastic in praise of the northern Chinaman and of Chinamen generally, celebrating their intelligence and their industry. He looks to China to play a compelling part in the future of the Far East, though he allows that the country is the great problem of the twentieth century. If the Chinese overcome the "immense force of conservatism," if they set themselves earnestly to progress on those European lines which have been so successfully adopted by Japan, there is no knowing what they may accomplish. Of the yellow peril Mr. Weale says little, and evidently does not think much. He contents himself with the conviction that the rapid growth of New

* "The Truce in the East and its Aftermath." By B. L. Putnam Weale. With Illustrations and Maps. 12s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)

China is the great and only solution for the many involved problems of the Far East. New China will be the "signal that Japan has become an independent nation in the true sense of the word, that China has risen as a modern Power, that England is not a military nonentity, and that Russia has inaugurated a new policy."

China, if it be a beneficent nation, had better hurry up. A man who is suspicious of prophecy, however, cannot but emphasise the condition—the important Chinese "if"—on which this comfortable theory rests. THOMAS LLOYD.

LIFE AND FLOWERS.*

In this book M. Maeterlinck enters a number of different subjects in his familiar manner. We could spare only "In Praise of the Fist," a piece of thin and not very amusing bravado that pairs with "In Praise of the Sword." The first piece, "The Measure of the Hours," and "Rome" (which comes from "Le Double Jardin"), "The Gods of War," "Concerning 'King Lear,'" and "Perfumes," belong to that decidedly second rank of M. Maeterlinck's work, where there is observation and some rather slender but surprising originality of attack, with a handling throughout that must be called rhetorical. Readers will remember "Les Sources du Printemps," "Fleurs demodées," "En automobile," and probably with delight, and it is to this charming class that these five pieces belong. They are, as a rule, high-spirited, abounding in brilliant fancy, in unrivalled phrases and metaphors. In "The Measure of the Hours," for example, which is a meditative rhapsody on the different tools for measuring time—clock, dial, sand-glass, etc.—there are a dozen passages in his most easily enjoyed style, diluted a little by translation, like this:—

"The clock, the hour-glass, the vanished clepsydra, give abstract hours, without face or form. They are the instruments of the anæmic time of our indoor rooms, of time enslaved and captive; but the sun-dial reveals to us the real, throbbing shadow of the wing of the great god that hovers in the sky. Around the marble disk which adorns the terrace or the crossing of two wide avenues, and which harmonises so well with the majestic staircases and spreading balustrades, or with the green walls of the thick quickset hedges, we enjoy the fleeting but undeniable presence of the beamy hours. He who has learnt to descry them in space will see them turn by turn touching earth and leaning over the mysterious altar to offer a sacrifice to the god whom man honours but cannot know. He will see them advancing in diverse and changing garments: first, the as yet diaphanous and hardly visible hours of the dawn; next, their sisters of noon, ardent, cruel, resplendent, almost implacable; and, finally, the last hours of twilight, slow and sumptuous, delayed in their progress towards approaching night by the purpling shadow of the trees."

The other essays are "Immortality," "Our Social Duty," "Our Anxious Morality," "The Psychology of Accident," "The Forgiveness of Injuries," and "The Intelligence of the Flowers." In the last and longest he approaches flowers as he approaches bees in "La Vie des Abeilles." For a hundred pages he describes some of the most astonishing activities of plants, especially those of fertilisation and dissemination. He is describing what is well known, and the botanist cannot complain of his facts, and might well envy (and would that he could imitate) the life which he gives them. But the terms of the description are so chosen as to imply an intelligence and a discriminating vital energy in the plants which will not be generally admitted. It is as if a man of science should have taken his original and unforgettable inspiration from Blake's "Auguries of Innocence," or such a passage as that in the same poet's "Milton":—

"Thou perceivest the flowers put forth their precious odours,
And none can tell how from so small a centre comes such sweet,
Forgetting that within that centre Eternity expands
Its ever-during doors, that Og and Anak fiercely guard.
First, ere the morning breaks, joy opens in the flowery bosoms,
Joy even to tears, which the Sun rising dries; first the Wild Thyme
And Meadow-sweet, downy and soft, waving among the reeds,
Light springing in the air, lead the sweet Dance; . . . Every tree
And flower and herb soon fill the air with an innumerable Dance,
Yet all in order sweet and lovely. . . ."

* "Life and Flowers." By Maurice Maeterlinck. Translated by Alexander Teixeira de Mattos. 5s. net. (Allen.)

This chapter ranks with "The Bee" in imaginative observation, and though it explains nothing, it does yet take a step towards the truth by disturbing the conventional view, by substituting for that the view of a man who, passionately looking at many forms of life, finds them to be all of one family. After this, it should be impossible for men to write of flowers as if they were fragile toys from an exceptionally brilliant manufacturer.

The remaining pieces are in subject and treatment like the best in "Le Trésor" and "La Sagene." In "Immortality" he meets the dissatisfaction of those who are persuaded that after death there is no protraction of life in the manner which religion and superstition have taught us to believe that we desire. We know that nothing dies. Then we must domesticate in our hearts the thought that, as our "souls" have apparently no existence apart from the immediate environment of the body and the remoter environment of Nature and men, so when this body has rearranged and divided itself in the earth and in the crystal winds, a soul is likely to alight upon it, or upon each of its parts; and that the life of this new soul will be a larger, if not a happier one, is a reasonable hope. And will this new life really be more desperately remote from the old than that is from our first years, not to speak of the life before birth? And he asks:

"Are there not certain confused moments in which, however ruthlessly, however scientifically, we may allow for egoism pursued to its most remote and secret sources, there remains in us something absolutely disinterested that takes pleasure in the happiness of others? Is it not also possible that the aimless joys of art, the calm and deep satisfaction into which we are plunged by the contemplation of a beautiful statue, of a perfect building, which does not belong to us, which we shall never see again, which arouses no sensual desire, which can be of no service to us: is it not possible that this satisfaction may be the pale glimmer of a different consciousness that filters through a cranny of our mnemonic consciousness?"

It is a fine thought, one which M. Maeterlinck will probably build upon again. It is also the one thought in these essays where he is not open to the charge of weaving logical dreams in the unresisting atmosphere of the unknown, of announcing in a portentous, Sybilline manner that we are on the threshold of new worlds to which we might forge the key did we but cultivate "the intuitions and presentiments of the soul" which tell it "that it should seek outlets even beyond the most resplendent and infinite circles which it pictures to itself." Perhaps this Sybilline manner is unduly strong in "Our Social Duty" and "Our Anxious Morality." For there he hardly gets beyond a repetition of the fact, known to all prophets, poets, lovers, and highly-developed men and women, that passion and "mystic reason" are above "common sense" and "good sense," and are alone capable of leading us to disinterestedness and whatever brings us "into direct relations with the uncontested mystery of life." "Leave us a few fancy virtues," he cries. In essence, he bids us not merely to let passion work, which hardly any man avoids, but to take "mystic reason" for granted, to let it into our scheme, and when the helplessly passionate years are over not to reason and act as if we had been bereaved of it. Let us try to understand and cultivate it. Against these beautiful essays we can only say that their manner is such that they appeal too exclusively to our reason, and that there is something unfortunate in the plausible treatment of matters not at all plausible, in the writer's too complete refinement upon those experiences of life out of which his thoughts have presumably arisen. EDWARD THOMAS.

BROTHER SAVAGES.*

It is not too much to say that the Savage Club is an institution celebrated throughout the world as representative of all that is best in the ever-decreasing circle of English Bohemia, while its Saturday-night dinners have a classic renown, and to attend that function as the guest of a member is the desire of all men—to hope to be present as the guest of the club is an aspiration only to be indulged in with any chance of gratification by royalty and the most famous persons: it is an honour as marked, and as rare, as the

* "The Savage Club: A Medley of History, Anecdote, and Reminiscence." By Aaron Watson. With a Chapter by Mark Twain. 21s. net. (Unwin.)

bestowal of the freedom of the City of London. The Savage Club, however, is of comparatively recent creation—it was founded half a century ago—compared with such clubs as White's, Brookes's, and Boodle's; and, of course, it has never played the same part in history as these. Indeed, it has no records, save those of hospitality, and, curiously enough, while the mention of the club excites pleasant memories, the names of the members scarcely stir any enthusiasm, for, while there has always been on its list many agreeable wits and the best entertainers, it seems, with very few exceptions, to have missed the greatest men. It is, perhaps, the most agreeable club in London: not the most brilliant.

It is doubtful, therefore, if anyone could have furnished a good book with the Savage Club as its theme. Perhaps, with his light touch and whimsical humour, Mr. Mostyn Pigott—of whom there is in this volume a delightful caricature by Mr. Lance Thackeray—might have done so: it is to be recorded with regret that Mr. Aaron Watson has certainly failed in his endeavour. Perhaps the mistake was made at the beginning, when the chronicler decided to furnish a large volume: if he had contented himself with a slim tome the result would have been more entertaining, for there are many good stories told of such agreeable Bohemians as the Brough brothers, James Hannay, "Tom" Robertson, and the rest of the talented band. Mr. Watson unfortunately has all the faults that the narrator of Bohemian annals should not have, and it is a great pity the task was not undertaken by a more discriminating man of letters. His barely-veiled accusation of log-rolling by the members of the Savile Club (p. 14) is, in such a volume as that under consideration, in the worst possible taste; while it is deplorable that he should have thought it necessary to introduce the names of some of those who have benefited by the well-known charity of the Savage Club. The most serious blemish of the book from the literary and artistic standpoint is the lack of proportion that is everywhere visible, which results in the giving of much space to the most trivial incidents that might well be ignored, or dismissed in a few lines. Is it really worth while in this year of grace 1907 to devote a chapter exclusively to a petty squabble between the club, the *Court Circular* and the *Tomahawk*, which took place in 1867? The author's enthusiasm has further led him into the error of assuming that some disparaging remarks made by Mr. Bart Kennedy had reference to the Savage Club: a statement at once denied by the latter.

The critic is throughout confronted with the certainty that either Mr. Watson has compiled the book without having troubled to digest his material, or that he was incapable of doing so. Everywhere the reader finds lengthy and anonymous newspaper reports of matters of infinitesimal importance. *A propos* of the Savages' charity performance at the Lyceum in 1860, of "The School for Scandal" and a version of "Ali Baba," there are extracts from the *Court Circular* (p. 41), "one of the newspapers of the day" (p. 42), the *Illustrated Times* (p. 44), the *Times* (p. 44), the *Critic* (pp. 44-5), the *Daily Director and Entr'acte* (pp. 45-6), and "one of the weekly papers" (p. 46); while in addition, it is stated that "the *Era* was not favourable." Nor is this an isolated instance. We are told what the *World* said of J. R. Lowell's speech at one of the dinners (p. 165); what the *Daily Telegraph* said in its obituary notices of "Tom" Robertson (pp. 104-5), and of William Brough (p. 111); and what the *Sunday Times*, the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Illustrated Times*, and *Fun* said on the death of "Jeff" Prowse (pp. 117-8). So one might continue for many lines; but we leave this topic with a protest against this irritating and tedious method of book making.

It is agreeable, before taking leave of the book, to turn to its more pleasant features, and to record a few of the pleasantries contained therein. "I hear," said Edmund Yates, "that there is a new club just started—the Savages. What is the subscription?" "Just whatever the members choose to owe," was the reply, to which point is given by the statement of Mr. Tegetmeier: "I was secretary of the Club for a long time with Andrew Halliday, but I do not remember ever having received a subscription." So careless, indeed, were the early Savages of their financial obligations that, *pour encourager les autres*, a list of those who had *paid* their subscriptions was posted in the club-room! That was too much! "What!" exclaimed one irate old member, "*pay our subscriptions, and be posted for it!*" There is an excellent story about an Irish advocate who had to cross-examine Anthony Trollope. "What are you?" asked counsel. "An official in the Post Office," was Trollope's reply. "Anything else?" "An author." "Of what?" Trollope said he thought his best book was "Barchester Towers." "Was there a word of truth in it?" "Well, it was a work of fiction." "I don't care what it was, sir; but, on your oath, was there a word of truth in the book from first to last?" "I don't suppose there was," Trollope admitted. "After that admission you may go down, sir," said the pleased counsel. One last story—told by Mark Twain (who has contributed an amusing chapter to the book). He had stayed late at the club one night, and before leaving could

From a Drawing by Herbert Johnson in "The Graphic." **The Gladstone Night.**

(Reproduced from "The Savage Club," by kind permission of Mr. T. Fisher Unwin.)

not find some banknotes he had put in a pocket of his trousers. At his hotel these were discovered in the tail pocket of his dress coat. "I must have put them there myself and forgotten it. Yet I do not see how that could be, for as far as I could remember we had had nothing wet at the Savage Club but water. As far as I could remember."

A word of praise must be given to the numerous admirable portraits and illustrations, including a photogravure of the well-known "Saturday Night at the Savage Club" and four coloured plates, that adorn the handsome volume, which, with its artistic cover in white and gold, designed by Sir James Linton, reflects the highest praise upon the publisher.

LEWIS MELVILLE.

TWO OF OUR ADMIRALS.*

It was certainly time that the second of the great admirals of the Elizabethan era had his biography. Said the first German Emperor, the old Kaiser Wilhelm, on the occasion of the historic banquet held to celebrate the triumphant close of the Franco-German War of 1870-1, turning to the three men to whom the tremendous victory was due:—"You, Von Bismarck, forged my sword; you, Von Roon, sharpened it; you, Von Moltke, guided it!" Queen Elizabeth, after the defeat of the Spanish Armada, might with truth have said the same to the great naval triumvirate of our national crisis—Lord Howard, Hawkins, and Drake. Sir John Hawkins was the Carnot of our great campaign, the "Organiser of Victory," the sharpener of England's sword, the man who, in the words of Mr. Froude, "when the moment of trial came sent her ships to sea in such a condition—hull, rigging, spars and running rope—that they had no match in the world."

Mr. Walling has done his work with care and excellent judgment; alike from the general side of his subject, and from its naval side. We see "John Hawkyns mariner," of Plymouth, at the outset of his career setting forth as a merchant seafarer, concerned above all else with his private business. Hawkins's part in establishing the Slave trade—in regard to which, by the way, he was not the pioneer in England, as is often alleged to his discredit—is dealt with also. What he did is told fairly, and the point is made that the man should, in common justice, be judged according to the standard of public opinion and the thought and practice of the age he lived in, rather than condemned out of hand according to the nicer point of view held by people three centuries later.

Commercial enterprise brought John Hawkins into collision with the Spaniards. No King of Spain's decree excluding foreign enterprise could keep him or the other high-spirited seamen of the Elizabethan day from claiming their right to share in the golden harvest of the New World and the profits of the Indian trade. Hawkins set forth in peace, desiring only to deal on strict terms of commerce, by way of friendly arrangement, with the merchants of the Spanish Main. They met him with fair words, and the black treachery of the murderous surprise in the Bay of San Juan D'Ulloa. After that Hawkins lived only for vengeance.

Then it was that Elizabeth recognised the value of the man as a national asset. Hawkins was brought into the service of the State, and appointed Comptroller and Treasurer of the Navy. He held office from 1573 until after the Armada, "and left his indelible mark upon the Navy as reformer, administrator, and inventor." How he worked, early and late, with restless vigilance attending to every detail, "seeing," as another Elizabethan admiral said of him, "all things done orderly"—the reader will find related by Mr. Walling. Now checking the accounts of the naval establishments and the supplies of dockyard stores with the scrutiny of a head clerk; now a sixteenth century Sir William White, planning new types of men-of-war for the fighting he foresaw, making sure that they were honestly built and fitted for sea; now looking after the "poor sailors," whose pay he raised, in spite of demurs as to expenses from his royal mistress, to something like a living wage—no man led a busier life or worked himself harder than Hawkins did, still plain John Hawkins.

When in that July week of 1588 the Armada came, John Hawkins and the fleet he had organised were ready. Hawkins went forth from his office desk with cheerful confidence to hoist his flag and take his part as Vice-Admiral under Howard of Effingham, and bore no small part in achieving at the cannon's mouth the salvation of England in her hour of extreme peril, gaining also for himself the honour of knighthood on the flagship's quarter-deck while the enemy were yet in sight. Mr. Walling has done his work well, and everybody will be the better for reading "A Sea Dog of Devon."

* * * * *

Mr. Douglas Ford, in "Admiral Vernon and the Navy," deals with a famous admiral of a different type, in very different circumstances, and in quite another way. There is for us no glamour of historical romance about the navy of the days of George the Second. We know what Smollett has said of it, and he was an eye-witness, too, on board ship in one of the fleets that Vernon commanded. Mr. Ford's pages claim to be "a memoir and a vindication." They are certainly a vindication. Admiral Vernon, as history records, was summarily struck off the flag-list by George the Second while commanding the North Sea Fleet, the force that was at that moment holding fast the French army of would-be invaders at Calais and Dunkirk while the death-blow to the Northern rebellion was being struck on the battlefield of Culloden. An intemperate letter of his, reflecting on Admiralty administration on a very minor matter, which had got into the papers, was the prime cause of trouble, and no doubt Vernon was guilty of a breach of discipline. It was, though, hardly a thing for which to ruin a man's career, for which to dispense with the services of a very capable admiral. Pamphleteering officers were not unknown in those days. Party politics supplied the motive of the action that was taken, and more discredit lies at the door of the Admiralty than at Vernon's. There was no more popular admiral in the service at that moment, and none that the Navy itself thought of more highly.

Mr. Ford takes us in detail through Vernon's career, which covered six reigns, beginning between the year in which Charles the Second died, and ending in the year before Nelson was born. He was a Westminster boy under Dr. Busby, and had his baptism of fire with Queen Anne's famous admiral, Sir George Rooke, when he swooped down on the treasure galleons in Vigo Bay. Two years after that Lieutenant Vernon was at the capture of Gibraltar. Later on he nearly shared Sir Cloudesley Shovel's fate in the disastrous shipwreck off the Scilly Isles, which cost that famous officer his life.

When Peace and the House of Hanover came, Vernon entered Parliament, whence, to silence his bitter opposition, Walpole sent him to begin the "War of Jenkins' Ear," by taking Porto Bello. Vernon had taunted the Walpole Ministry with cowardice. Why did they not call Spain to account, for her brutalities to British traders in the West Indies? What if Porto Bello were the "Gibraltar of the West Indies." "Give me six ships and I will take Porto Bello," he said in effect. Was that a reason for letting Spanish captains harry the British mercantile marine? Walpole did so, and sent him out hoping, and assured, that failure would silence Vernon, and the Opposition too. To the amazement of all Europe, Vernon and his six ships took the impregnable stronghold with little loss. So Admiral Vernon came to the front.

Mr. Ford gives much space to the story of the subsequent disastrous failure of the conjoint naval and military expedition before Carthagena. He shows that it was the dual control that wrecked everything. Vernon's own plan of operations would have ensured a speedy victory at the outset, but his military colleague, General Wentworth, had to be consulted at every turn. Mr. Ford has satisfactorily vindicated Admiral Vernon in regard to Carthagena. The defect of the book is its superabundance of extraneous matter. Mr. Ford would do well before his second edition appears, ruthlessly to sacrifice details which, if they give a picture of the times, yet do not bear on Admiral Vernon's career. The illustrations, to conclude, are numerous and excellent.

EDWARD FRASER.

* "A Sea Dog of Devon." By R. A. J. Walling. 6s. net. (Cassell and Co.)

"Admiral Vernon and the Navy." By Douglas Ford. 10s. 6d. net. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

MORE LIGHT ON THOREAU.

It may possibly surprise some English readers, whose knowledge of Thoreau is confined to "Walden" and "The Week," with perhaps a volume of selections from the essays or letters, to learn that a sumptuous edition of his works, in twenty volumes, has lately been issued in America.* The first six volumes of this series, containing the works already known to students of Thoreau, are based on the "Riverside" edition of 1893, while the remaining fourteen comprise the long-expected Journals, hitherto accessible only in selected passages, and now at last printed *in extenso* for the delectation of the faithful and the wonder of the world at large. For somewhat of a wonder it is that an author so uncompromisingly original as Thoreau, who during his lifetime was regarded by the great majority of critics as merely eccentric and perverse, should be thus deemed worthy, within fifty years of his death, of an honour which is properly reserved for writers of the first rank.

Henry David Thoreau.

The appearance of this complete edition of Thoreau, edited, printed, and illustrated in a way which reflects credit on all concerned in its production, marks a fitting opportunity to reconsider our views of the most remarkable character in the remarkable Concord group. I have headed this article "More Light on Thoreau"; it would perhaps be an exaggeration to say that we obtain *new* light in the six or seven thousand pages of diary thus unreservedly opened to us, for everywhere we see the same Thoreau who was familiar to us before, and what we gain is rather a confirmation of an old view than a new impression. Indeed to the mere biographer (such as myself) it is just a little disappointing to find that in all this wealth of material there is hardly anything which adds to our knowledge of what we call the "facts" of our philosopher's life—nothing, for example, which throws any light on the story of his early love for Ellen Sewell, or on those strange stanzas of his on "Sympathy," in which, as some maintain and others deny, there is a veiled reference to the one romance of his somewhat stoical career. But on second thougnts we feel—even the biographer feels—that this is as it should be, and that it is meet and fitting that Thoreau's Journal, like Jefferies' "Story of my Heart," should be a record rather of his walks and thoughts than of his relations with others; for it is inconceivable that the unique Thoreau of "Walden," of the "Week," of "Cape Cod," and of the "Familiar Letters," could ever be seen otherwise than as we have seen him.

Yet these Journals are full from cover to cover with delightful additional glimpses into what Mr. Moncure Conway has called the "Thoreau-principle at work in the universe"; and though in many pages we recognise but the raw material of passages which in a revised form have taken their place in the works (and very interesting it is, as a study in Thoreau's workmanship, to compare the earlier with the later forms), there are also not a few gems which have lain hid all these years, unused by Thoreau himself, unused by his successive editors, to be recognised at last as worthy of being set side by side with his best anecdotes or meditations. There is, for instance, a wonderful entry (1850) in which he describes in retrospect how he once set fire to the woods near Concord when cooking some fish on a camp-fire with a friend, with the result that no fewer than a hundred acres were burnt, and the remarks of some of the owners were personal and uncomplimentary. Can anyone who understands Thoreau doubt how he would have conducted himself in such a catastrophe? Listen to this description of his thoughts as he watched the devouring flames, when he was "spent with running" for assistance:

> "I walked slowly through the wood to Fair Haven Cliff, climbed to the highest rock, and sat down upon it to observe the progress of the flames, which were rapidly approaching me, now about a mile distant from the spot where the fire was kindled. Presently I heard the sound of the distant bell giving the alarm, and I knew that the town was on its way to the scene. Hitherto I had felt like a guilty person—nothing but shame and regret. But now I settled the matter with myself shortly. I said to myself: 'Who are these men who are said to be the owners of these woods, and how am I related to them? I have set fire to the forest, but I have done no wrong therein, and now it is as if the lightning had done it. These flames are but consuming their natural food.' It has never troubled me from that day to this more than if the lightning had done it. The trivial fishing was all that disturbed me and disturbs me still. So shortly I settled it with myself, and stood to watch the approaching flames. It was a glorious spectacle, and I was the only one there to enjoy it. When I found I was about to be surrounded by the fire, I retreated and joined the forces now arriving from the town. It took us several hours to surround the flames with our hoes and shovels, and by back fires subdue them. . . . To be sure, I felt a little ashamed when I reflected on what a trivial occasion this had happened—that at the time I was no better employed than my townsmen."

Such philosophic self-adjustment to fate and the laws of the universe makes the reader wish that it had been the lot of Thoreau, rather than of the more emotional John Stuart Mill, to be responsible for the burning of a famous manuscript of Carlyle's; and we wonder how Carlyle himself would have relished the culprit's assurance that it was "as if the lightning had done it."

Reading these Journals of Thoreau, full as they are of characteristic touches not of his stoical mood only, but no less of his unguarded and domestic moods, one feels how strong a confirmation they afford of the testimony of his friends as to the entire sincerity of his nature. There is no more mistaken view of Thoreau than that which sees him as cold, cynical, or misanthropical, devoid of love, devoid of friendship, and lacking in the homely human affections. "The living, actual friendship and affection," said his friend Channing, "which makes time a reality, no one knew better. He meant friendship, and meant nothing else, and stood by it without the slightest abatement." To the same effect is Alcott's testimony, and Emerson's, and Blake's, and Ricketson's, and Higginson's, and Sanborn's—everyone's, in fact, who knew Thoreau personally, and as man with man—so that we might well marvel that he has been so misapprehended by generations of critics, were it not plain that his own paradoxical manner has in part misled the public, in part the hostile criticism of two writers of influence.

It was Lowell who did most to prejudice American readers against Thoreau; in this country it was Stevenson. Making all allowance for incongruity of temperament, it must be

* "The Writings of Henry David Thoreau." Walden Edition. (Boston and New York: Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co. London: Messrs. Archibald Constable and Co.)

said, in the fuller light of these printed diaries, that Stevenson's essay on Thoreau in "Men and Books" falls little short of being a miracle of misunderstanding. It is not merely that he missed altogether the dry, pithy *humour* that underlies and interprets so much of Thoreau's writing, and thus fell into the blunder of misreading him for a "skulker" and a "prig"; for, as we know, he took back half of his strictures, in his own Preface, as a "perversion," which he justified on the queer ground that whereas Dr. Japp (who set him right about Thoreau) had the advantage of having learned to read the books through the man, *he* had only looked at the man through the books. But even stranger than his original statement about Thoreau, is the correction of that statement which Stevenson printed in his Preface; for while it is certainly unjust to Thoreau to view him merely as the stoic, it is still more absurd to fly to the other extreme, as Stevenson did, and proclaim that his "seeming indifference" was a "mere anodyne to lull his pains" as a disappointed lover, and "a touching insincerity of the man to his own heart." This idea of Thoreau as a tender stricken soul, who veiled his wounded affections in a garb of pseudo-stoicism, is, of course, preposterous, for nothing is more evident in the complete record of him than the *unity* of his character from first to last; the germ of the "indifference" which so puzzled the genial "R. L. S." may be traced to his very boyhood.

Again, as regards Thoreau's two years' sojourn at Walden. Having first misunderstood that most characteristic incident (for it was only an incident) in Thoreau's life as a mere priggish design for "self-improvement," Stevenson jumped to a quite contrary conclusion, at Dr. Japp's prompting, and hailed the Walden residence as an attempt "to serve mankind in the highest sense" by making the cabin in the woods a station on the great "Underground Railway" for assisting runaway slaves. But the purpose of Thoreau's retirement to Walden was one which does not need such apology or justification—it was, indeed, an even higher purpose than any abolitionist one—the desire to sojourn in the wilderness awhile until his thoughts had ripened, and had given a determining influence to his career. What better purpose could there be than this—the need of solitude and self-examination, which so many great minds have felt?

As a matter of fact, too, Dr. Japp was wrong in his suggestion that the hermitage was in any sense a station for escaped slaves. In the first edition of my "Life of Thoreau" I gave some credence to this theory, but friends in America who have looked carefully into the facts have convinced me that there is no truth in it. And this leads me to mention, for the benefit of future editors of "Walden," a certain misprint which has been perpetuated in every edition that I have seen, and which gave some colour to the mistaken surmise about the uses of the hut. It occurs in an early passage of the book, under the heading "Economy," which runs as follows:

> "I have thought that Walden Pond would be a good place for business, not only on account of the railroad and the ice-trade; it offers advantages which it may not be good policy to divulge; it is a good post and a good foundation.

The words "a good *post*" might certainly seem to lend some colour to Dr. Japp's supposition; but I understand that the true reading, as marked in Thoreau's own copy of "Walden," is "a good *port*." We can safely dismiss the theory, clutched at by "R. L. S." as a saving straw in the flood of his misunderstanding of Thoreau, that the Walden episode may be lauded as a philanthropic enterprise. Strange that Stevenson, of all men, should have supposed that it needed such laudation!

A recent explanation of the critics' dislike of Thoreau, given by Mr. Arthur Ricketts in a chapter of his "Vagabond in Literature," is hardly a convincing one. "Much of the resentment," he says, "expressed against Thoreau by level-headed critics is due to the unwise eulogy of friends. Thoreau has become an object of worship to the crank, and in our annoyance with the crank we are apt to jumble up devotee and idol together." But surely the critic who should practise so little discernment could hardly, whatever his other merits, be described as "level-headed"! Nor am I aware that, except in the case of Lowell, whose bitterness against Thoreau was stated on Emerson's authority to have been the result of their quarrel, any critic of note has shown "resentment" against Thoreau; in Stevenson's criticism there is certainly no resentment, but what is perhaps even more fatal, an entire and constitutional misapprehension of him—that perfect ignorance which can only be attained by one great man of another great man, when he lives, moves, and has his being in a different world of thought.

This "Walden" edition of Thoreau is above everything a sign that the old antipathies and misunderstandings have now had their day and are dying out. It is late to talk of the unwise eulogies of friends and the injurious worship of the crank, when an author is taking his place among the classics of his country in twenty volumes. In view of this splendid American edition of one of America's greatest writers, it were more to the point if English critics would bethink them that the editions of Thoreau's books as yet published in this country are sparse and penurious in the extreme; we have cheap "Waldens," it is true, in plenty, but this is not altogether a blessing, for it tends to foster the mistaken notion that Thoreau was a hermit of one idea and a writer of one book. We have no "Cape Cod"; we have no "Maine Woods"; we have no "Familiar Letters"; the "Excursions" and miscellaneous essays are known to us only in excerpts. Henry David Thoreau, in fact, is a still undiscovered genius on this side of the Atlantic. When he is discovered by us, we shall be profoundly grateful to the editors and publishers and illustrators of the "Walden" edition of his works.

HENRY S. SALT.

WOMAN IN GREECE AND ROME.*

Dr. Donaldson has written a good book on a difficult subject. It is divided into four parts. The first three are: Women in Ancient Greece, Women in Ancient Rome, and Women in Early Christianity. To these is added a supplementary section, dealing with some important questions concerning each of these, mostly printed for the first time: whereas the first three are reprints, revised, of six articles from the *Contemporary Review*, 1877-1889. All the articles are presented in a summary form, giving broad outlines rather than details; a form of essay which is very easy to write badly, but to write well needs a full and exact knowledge.

Dr. Donaldson very justly praises the high picture of womanhood which Homer draws. In his pictures of women, indeed, Homer is probably the artist most true to life of all who have ever written. His subjects are simple, true, so far as women can be called simple: no more delightful picture of true-hearted and generous girlhood can be found in literature than Nausicaa, and the sketches of Andromache, Arete, and Penelope are no less noble. He does not forget even the humble; witness Eurycleia, the old nurse of Odysseus. But the Greek point of view differs from ours, particularly in the high value set on physical beauty, on which Dr. Donaldson rightly insists: he does so in a very delicate way, showing the spiritual and ideal side of the passion for beauty, which with Greeks was a kind of religion. The good side and the bad side of the Spartan idea of womanhood are also made clear, and the national falling-off which accompanied the degradation of women there. A fair picture is drawn of the goodly sisterhood led by Sappho; and we follow the fatal divorce between the two functions of women, childbearing and companionship, which was one cause of the decay of Athens. It is very necessary, in view of modern ideas, to set the position of such women as Aspasia in the true light. More is generally known of the position of women in Rome than in Greece. Here also, whilst approving the nobler parts of the Roman ideal, Dr. Donaldson is not blind to its defects: such as the despotic power of the husband, which often led to abuse, and to retaliation by poison or other means. The Roman marriage laws were of singular common sense, and deserve study in this sentimental age; the usual idea that the Romans of the late Republic and early Empire were immoral, is greatly exaggerated, and probably the women were as happy and as good as our own. Dr. Donaldson might have added to his anecdotes more than one instance of beautiful wedded

* "Woman: Her Position and Influence in Ancient Greece and Rome, and among the Early Christians." By James Donaldson, M.A., LL.D. 5s. net. (Longmans, Green and Co.)

love and faithfulness from the third or fourth century. It will be news to most readers that the position of women in the second and third centuries of Christianity was inferior to their position in the first. The increase of ascetic ideas was fatal to a true respect for women; and their effects are cleverly analysed by Dr. Donaldson (p. 182). He points out that one natural effect was, that the world was peopled for generations by the less noble and spiritual classes of mankind; there was little home life, and the best persons left no offspring.

The Supplement describes the gentleness of Homer's treatment of women, and contains a number of notes on topics alluded to in the earlier parts of the book. The longest is a paper on the Women of Plautus. Some of the most interesting notes are anecdotes of remarkable women from different parts of the world: Agnodice, the woman doctor, for example. But it is not easy to summarise this part of the book. There is a good bibliography.

Dr. Donaldson's work would be useful if it were only for its filling a gap, and giving for the first time a systematic treatise on the subject. But it is even more to be recommended for its high tone, its sympathetic insight, and its human interest.

SYDNEY AND MELBOURNE.*

Books of travel appeal to readers either for the thrilling interest of their subject or because the reader knows something of the places described, and can compare notes. There is nothing thrilling about Australia, but this book will be read with interest by all who know that country, and the verdict will be a favourable one. The author, though apparently a resident, seems to have no particular bias towards the land of his adoption, or birth, as the case may be. He is ruthlessly critical, but, like most writers on this subject, he fails to grasp the fact that, shut their eyes to it as they will, the Australians are still English, they still lack the individuality of, for example, the Canadians, they have not reached even the adolescent age of a nation, they have not been able to eradicate the English strain which has been bred in their bones. They refuse to acknowledge this. Mr. Buchanan does not recognise it, but almost every page of his book proves it, for everywhere there are traces of the manner in which the Australian is permeated with a sense of English-worship. This much he does acknowledge—that the continent is dominated by men of peregrinating habits, by men to whom the journey from Tilbury to Adelaide is no more formidable, and not much more unusual, than a cab-drive from the Marble Arch to London Bridge—and it is this English-worship which keeps the Australian from being able to achieve anything original. There is no Australian literature, because the hall-mark of an English publisher is necessary before any book can be received as literature. Australia has no drama of its own because actors and dramatists are not acknowledged as such unless they hail from a distance; everything is borrowed, masterpieces and hack-pieces, actors and actresses—it is only the buildings that can be described as the country's own, and even here the great borrowing habit is illustrated by their names. In sport too, just as in everything else, there is the tendency to imitate: "to watch a game of Rugby football (says our author) at Charters Tower or at Brisbane is to wonder whether a new race of Salamanders, gifted with some marvellous kind of asbestos physique, has struck the earth." The average Australian—Mr. Buchanan among them—probably knows more of England than he does of Australia as a whole. He may never have been outside the square mile of Melbourne, but he imbibes his knowledge of the old country with his mother's milk, he is saturated with it by frequent doses of grandmotherly loquaciousness, and naturally he grows up filled with a desire to be an Englishman, which, by the way, is his nurse's panacea for childish crying. Later in life he tries to forget that the land of his birth is not also the land of his forefathers, and he may bluff a few visitors into thinking he is a "little Australian," but force of heredity is too great, and it does not require a Mafeking demonstration to show that in his heart of hearts he is really Imperialistic, and that it is England—not merely distance—which gives to his eyes a halo round the heads of those who have come out from "home"—the Australian synonym for Britain.

Mr. Buchanan very justly complains that our lack of knowledge regarding Australia is an obstacle to lasting cohesion. "The Englishman," he says, "should make it his business to learn something of the land that his countrymen have peopled. His geographical ignorance should be less complete, less appalling." Unfortunately his strictures are only too well deserved; he might, however, have attempted to improve the occasion by inserting a map as a frontispiece. His book is meant to teach us something of the country and its inhabitants; on the whole, it undoubtedly gives a fair impression of Australia, or rather that part of Australia which is represented by certain aspects of life in the cities of Sydney and Melbourne, for, despite the comprehensive title, such names as Adelaide and Perth are to be found recorded in the ambitious index but twice, and on those occasions they are mentioned only in passing. Ballarat and Bendigo are not even named, nor is Tasmania: and nothing is said of station-life, club-life, or even home-life.

Sir Philip Sidney.

The book is pleasantly written, and the author has a happy knack of hitting off some characteristic in a short phrase or neat metaphor, as when he calls Melbourne "the permanent centre of attitudinarianism," or the *Sydney Daily Telegraph* "the Mary Jane of Australian journalism." We may not always agree with his opinions on debatable points, but his judgment will not probably be often called in question, and in his criticisms of men and matters he never hits below the belt. There is still room for a good book about Australia modelled on the lines of Miss Zimmern's "Italy," but meanwhile this is an excellent make-shift.

A. D. P.

* "The Real Australia." By Alfred Buchanan. 6s. (T. Fisher Unwin.)

ARCADIA.*

Enough has been said of the pastoral element in our literature from an historical point of view, by Mr. Greg and other learned and patient men. Mr. E. A. Baker, the editor of this "Arcadia," tells the general reader at least as much as he need know of it. But much remains to be done before we shall know, as we should like to know, why and how "Arcadia" and similar books appealed to the men and women

* "The Countess of Pembroke's Arcadia." By Sir Philip Sidney. With the additions by Sir William Alexander and Richard Beling, a life of the author, and an introduction by Ernest A. Baker, M.A. 6s. net. (Routledge.)

of England from 1590 to 1630, during which they called for ten editions; what kind of truth and beauty they saw in it; what part of their humanity it moved. For to show that its kind had gradually become the fashion throughout Europe does not take us far.

Our own attitude towards it is not so hard to explain. That it is called "Arcadia" and is by Sidney is something, and in these days of docile antiquarian taste it will be enough for the many who read it for the first time in this, the third edition issued during the past century and a half. For others, again, it will be good merely to dream and doze and wake and lazily turn over page after page—nearly seven hundred pages of painfully small type—without ever making out the plot, often forgetting who is the speaker, where the scene, only for the sake of the most famous passage of all:—

"There were hills which garnished their proud heights with stately trees; humble valleys whose base estate seemed comforted with the refreshing of silver rivers; meadows, enamelled with all sorts of eye-pleasing flowers; thickets, which, being lined with most pleasant shade, were witnessed so too by the cheerful disposition of many well-tuned birds; each pasture stored with sheep feeding with sober security, while the pretty lambs with bleating oratory craved the dams' comfort; here a shepherd's boy piping, as though he never should be old; there a young shepherdess knitting, and withal singing, and it seemed that her voice comforted her hands to work, and her hands kept time to her voice-music. . . . "

(A charming companion to this first view of Arcadia is where FitzGerald speaks of the home-brewed at Yardley, in the days "before he knew that he was to die.") For a page or two, also, the least learned can enjoy the ghostly rustle of these vapourish eloquent forms that never were alive, yet once gave joy to men who were Shakespeare's friends; the phantoms of their felicity in gardens and fair women. Then the beauty of visible things, of dress, for example, abounds and is very real, especially of Pyrocles' dress in his Amazon's disguise—the hair arrayed in "careless care," under a coronet of gold and pearl and feathers, the doublet "of sky-coloured satin, with plates of gold, and, as it were, nailed with precious stones." The princeliness of the Arcadians' morals and manners may even seem to reflect Sidney's self, "divinely mild, a spirit without spot." There are thoughts, too, beyond such as the convention demanded, as when Pyrocles says:

"I am not yet come to that degree of wisdom to think light of the sex of whom I have my life, since if I be anything, which your friendship rather finds than I acknowledge, I was, to come to it, born of a woman, and nursed of a woman. . . . Truly we men, and praisers of men, should remember that if we have such excellencies, it is reason to think them excellent creatures, of whom we are—since a kite never brought forth a good flying hawk."

And there are situations, conventional enough, that only the weary or those who never loved can pass unsaluted; such as Amphialus' too felicitous courtship of Queen Helen on behalf of his foster-brother, Philoxenos. The conceits, too, do not tower so often, so bravely and so rashly into the cloudy altitudes without meeting now an eagle, now a dove, of choicest feather, as in Kalander's hunting:

"The wood seemed to conspire with them against his own [the stag's] citizens, dispersing their noise through all his quarters, and even the nymph Echo left to bewail the loss of Narcissus and became a hunter."

And again, this fountain:

"A naked Venus . . . At her breast she had her babe Aeneas, who seemed, having begun to suck, to leave that to look upon her fair eyes, which smiled at the babe's folly, meanwhile the breast running."

There are places where Pan's very nymphs, enchanted by the pleasant ways of the pastoral, are lured out of their fastnesses to bless it with a touch of eternal nature or of true rusticity, as in the Eclogue in Book III.:

"The first strawberries he could find, were ever in a clean washed dish, sent to Kala; thus posies of the spring flowers were wrapped up in a little green silk and dedicated to Kala's breasts; thus sometimes his sweetest cream, sometimes the best cakebread his mother made, were reserved for Kala's taste. Neither would he stick to kill a lamb when she would be content to come over the way unto him."

Relying as the "Arcadia" does upon a less vital and more purely literary tradition than the noble book of Malory, it has yet in that very weakness the advantage of an appeal to our sympathies on behalf of men and women, "carved out of the carver' brain," who never lived before, and so more akin to Clarissa, Sir Roger, Uncle Toby, Richard Feverel, than to Launcelot and Kehydius. These Arcadians and Laconians explain themselves, describe their emotions, discuss their motives. There are antitheses that really discover a truth. There is a true and delightful use of experience when it is said of Pyrocles that his mind was "all this while so fixed upon another devotion, that he no more attentively marked his friend's discourse than the child that hath leave to play marks the last part of his lesson." And though a comparison of any page with Sidney's own poetry at once provides us with a proof, if such were needed, that a man reaches supreme self-suppression only in forms that have been the home and the tomb of many failures, yet the "Arcadia" is a splendid monument of one of these failures: it is one of the finest of the exuberant and curious adventures which opened out for settlement the virgin meadows and unshorn mountains of the English vocabulary in the old time.

EDWARD THOMAS.

Novel Notes.

JANE CABLE. By George Barr McCutcheon. 6s. (E. Grant Richards.)

This, like many another recently-published work of fiction from a British publisher, has been made in America, of which fact there are many strong evidences. It is a work that relies on its "plot," which is a strong one, and of much freshness and ingenuity. The book, however, is far too long—which is a charge all too frequently brought by reviewers against a novel; but surely in this case it is a charge that is justifiable. The author has obviously had his interest well established in the making of the first half of the volume; but in the second half his interest dies away, and a matter to which he devotes 148 pages could easily have been satisfactorily disposed of in one brief chapter. The tale is highly melodramatic, and concerns itself largely with the fortunes of one David Cable, whom we first meet as a railway fireman in America. Misunderstandings with his wife lead to his departure to Europe, whence he returns when his wife appeals to him to come back to his wife and child. The child is the Jane Cable whose name is the title of the novel; but who are her parents? She is not the child of either Cable or his wife, but a foundling whom the wife has adopted in order that she may make effective plea for the return of the dashing American fireman. At far too early a stage the whole mystery is apparent to the reader, and when he has solved the mystery there is but slight reason for him to proceed further with the tale, because it is a tale that has its strength in its plot, not in the manner of the telling. Still, the telling is done in a style far removed from that of the amateur, and there is a welcome absence of affectation. An important and sinister figure who plays a big part in the drama is one James Bansemer, a black-mailing American lawyer, with whom the fates of the Cables are intimately bound up. He goes to prison—as he well deserves to do—but he leaves an honest son, who ultimately marries Jane. It is a work with many good dramatic scenes, and made into a stage play might make a big success at Drury Lane or the Adelphi. There are four full-page illustrations in colour by Mr. Harrison Fisher, whose work is bright and supremely American. He can draw, but his women remind one of a West End dressmaker's catalogue.

PILGRIMAGE. By C. E. Lawrence. 6s. (Murray.)

Those who have read Victor von Scheffel's romance of "Ekkehard," will hardly look to a mystical romance like Mr. Lawrence's for a better reconstitution of monastic life in the dark ages. As a matter of fact, the passages in which he pierces the skull beneath the tonsure, and probes the brain within, are among the least interesting in the book. The communal life of the celibate in elemental days that make "Ivanhoe" and Friar Tuck seem modern, can hardly have been so destitute of incident and variety as we are here persuaded; nor can we fancy a whole abbey giving itself up to the task of harrying an ignorant swineherd into heresy and exile. We shall be better advised, perhaps, to treat Mr. Lawrence's ecclesiastics like the rest of the characters, save one, as pawns in the great game of heroic expiation. For the hero is a fallen angel released by a

miracle, and referred, as appeal judges say, to earth as to a court of first instance. He enters on life without a single advantage except an inquiring mind, and it is not difficult to foresee the vista of disillusion awaiting such a one in days when teaching was a matter of oral tradition, and conformity took the wall of conscience. The swineherd has a single friend and confidant, Ulf, a court jester, and there is something of David and Jonathan in the mutual devotion of the pair. Ultimately, even the consolation of friendship disappears, and Luke dies a leper. To a greater extent than most heroes of allegory, he is stripped of his illusions, but preserves the worthies of his ideals, and returns to his Maker a man who has tasted the bitterest of this world's trials short of actual despair. The author (and we take him to be young) who writes a Christian idyll in this vein forgoes a good deal, but he remains in high and inspiring company, for it was in just such a spirit that the men learned their cost who have given us "John Inglesant" and "Gaston de Latour." For whether it is the pursuit of the quiet mind in troublous times, or a search for the beautiful, or as here, the slow attempering of a rebellious and eager soul, the ordeal and process in which man engages are much the same. "The veil of an outward life, not simply expressive of the inward" (it was Pater who said it), "becomes thinner and thinner as he comes nearer and nearer to perfection." That the author should have put this truth into an alluring and fervid romance without any trace of strain or bathos or tedium, is a high achievement in these modern days.

ALICE-FOR-SHORT. By William de Morgan. 6s. (Heinemann.)

This is not so much a novel as a gossiping paraphrase of one, and a paraphrase which runs to the length of three hundred thousand words is not an offence to be lightly judged. Like the voluble witness, it is apt to defeat its own intention, unless it has compensations of a not too common kind. Fortunately, in his choice of an early Victorian setting, and his imitation of contemporary models, the author is not without some of their engaging qualities in the school to which he attaches himself—Trollope and Dickens and Besant and Rice—they made a virtue of high spirits, and if there is anything likely to carry Mr. de Morgan's readers through his fifty-one fat chapters to his finis and the harmless necessary "addendum," it is his incorrigible cheerfulness. No one ever succeeded in disliking Tommy Traddles, and if one fails to tolerate the gay garrulities of Mr. Jerrythought or the author's views concerning him, the alternative is to skip and try again. Ten to one, you will be entertained somewhere, and there is choice enough in this miscellany of characters in suburban London half a century ago. It begins with the story of a beer-jug, which after coming to smash, is reconstituted and translated to the leisured dignity of a collector's cabinet; and this incident, we take it, is the author's whimsical epitome, or "advertisement," as our ancestors would say. For the rest is a sort of "Alice in Dickens-land," wherein the half-clad drudge of a lodging in Soho is translated to the Kensingtonian circle of the artist, who rescues and ultimately marries her, in the very moral manner of Mr. Marcus Ordeyne. As for the crowding incident which intervenes, the artist's first unhappy marriage, his sister's marriage into a title, and all the complex doings of the Verrinders, the Prynnes, and the Lady with the Black Spots, we must cry mercy. It is all so bewildering, so artless, that we have only one feeling left. If the author is bent on this encyclopædic kind of story, and his previous venture, "Joseph Vance," was just as long, he is probably playing the safe card of persistence, towards a recognition which is a sort of constructive fame. But let him drop his rough-and-tumble chapter headings, with their frank encroachments on Dickens, and relieve the prolix entertainment of his story with a passage here and there in the vein of the dedication. For the dedication is the only crisp thing in the book.

THE TANGLED SKEIN. By Baroness Orczy. 6s. (Greening.)

As you will suspect from its charming dedication, "The Tangled Skein" is intended mainly for the entertainment of younger readers. It is a picturesque, pleasant romance of the days of Queen Mary, and all its most startling events have their rise in the subtle and unscrupulous intriguings at Court to bring about or to avert the marriage of Mary with the King of Spain. The real love interest of the story centres on the Lady Ursula Glynde and the Duke of Wessex; when they were in their cradles their parents plighted them to each other; Ursula's father has willed it that unless she marries the Duke she shall retire into a Convent, and she is in love with the idea of him, for he has everywhere now the reputation of a gracious and very gallant gentleman; but on his part, he rather shrinks from the tie that has been imposed upon him, and has no desire to meet her. On the other hand he does not incline to a marriage with the Queen that his friends are anxious to bring about, and that she herself is not averse from. Here be ample possibilities of delectable adventure, and almost from the outset, where Ursula going in a domino to consult the witch at East Molesey Fair is caught and kissed by the Spanish courtier and released from his attentions by the advent of Wessex, who is the same evening unconsciously influencing his own future and hers by saving the terrified little witch from burning at the stake, these possibilities are cleverly realised, and the story lives and moves lightly, and with unflagging interest to the end.

THE STRONGEST OF ALL THINGS. By Madame Albanesi. 6s. (Hurst and Blackett.)

There may be some doubt whether Mrs. Warrington's motives for keeping Margaret Burnstone under restraint, as a dipsomaniac, and allowing herself to be blackmailed and terrorised by the people who have charge of her, are quite adequate enough to be convincing, and as to whether she would have hampered herself by adopting Margaret's daughter Elizabeth, for whom she had no love; otherwise, for the strength and ingenuity of its plot, and the vivid lifelikeness of its characters, this latest novel of Madame Albanesi will rank with the best she has written, if not above them. The subtlest, most realistically drawn person in the book is Mrs. Warrington herself; but it is Elizabeth who captures the reader's sympathy, and all the larger interests of the story go with her. She has grown to womanhood with the heart of a child; has been been formally trained and repressed and taught to obey unhesitatingly the woman who passes for her mother. Unconscious of her beauty, she is slow to realise that it is herself and not her statelier mother that Sir Hugo Halson comes a-wooing; the dawn and growth of her love for him are very beautifully presented. After their marriage, Mrs. Warrington finds he means to draw his wife completely beyond her influence, and thereupon will trouble herself no further with Margaret Burnstone, and defiantly refers her blackmailers to Elizabeth, the wronged woman's daughter. In this way, Elizabeth is suddenly overwhelmed by a revelation of the dark secret that, unknown to herself, has been a black cloud over all her past, and possibilities of misunderstanding and tragedy arise with her fear of involving her husband in the shame and scandal that have come upon her. She acts at this crisis precisely as you expect her to; the situation is not forced; it is handled with delicate skill and wrought to a conclusion in which the happiness of the two most nearly concerned is charged with an exquisite pathos that has yet nothing of sadness in it. It is an admirably written book; we unhesitatingly and warmly recommend it.

THE THREE COMRADES. By Gustav Frenssen. 6s. (Constable.)

Gustav Frenssen is one of the most popular of German novelists; his "Jorn Uhl" has gone into some hundred and fifty editions, and his "Three Comrades" is almost equally popular in his own country. It is its sheer naturalness, the matter-of-fact probability of its incidents and people that give it so sure a hold on the imaginations of its readers. At the ringing up of the curtain the three comrades are discovered, three schoolboys playing at soldiers, whilst the men of their race are away in the thick of that life and death struggle with France that ended in the break-up of the second French Empire. Rumours of the war are blown through all the earlier pages, and have their share in firing the ambitions of the three youngsters. One of them owns that he will consider he has failed in life if he is not wearing at least three orders by the time he is thirty; one is bent upon serving his country and becoming a statesman; the other is resolved to be a stockbroker and make money.

Thereafter, you follow their careers, and see how far short they fall of realising their ambitions, and are moved to sigh with the author: "What is the worth of good resolutions? When the time comes to fulfil them they are forgotten. It is the years about thirty which decide." It is a very homely and human story, that faces the commonplace things of life squarely and fashions a romance out of them that is as entertaining as it is true.

RISING FORTUNES By John Oxenham. 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

Anybody who knows anything of the underside of journalistic life in London will recognise the truth with which Mr. Oxenham pictures it in "Rising Fortunes." It may be much harder or a little easier for some than his two heroes found it; there may be a little more love interest in it, or very much less; but their experiences represent vividly and realistically what that life is or has been to hundreds of men who have entered upon it in similar circumstances. After working awhile and scoring some preliminary successes in Edinburgh, Adam Black, a writer, and James MacAlpine, an artist, travel together to London and grope their way into Fleet Street through a suffocating fog. A publisher there had issued a book in the writing and illustrating of which they had collaborated; they had seen by the advertisements that it had reached a sixth edition and was still selling freely, and made sure they could collect a sufficient sum on account of their royalties to give them a handsome start. But the publisher damps their hopes by plausibly explaining that there is nothing whatever due to them yet; and to get a roof over their heads they begin as caretakers of a big warehouse; they are driven to canvass for advertisements, fall into the hands of editors and publishers who are glad to use their work, but not so glad to pay for it; are caught in many of the traps and undergo many of the hardships that are the common lot of most young men at the outset of such a career as theirs. The story is written crisply, humorously, and with a wide knowledge of the world; and the love romance that comes into it after Jimmie MacAlpine meets the pretty Flora Macdonald at the A.B.C. restaurant is as homely and natural as it is charmingly idyllic.

GHETTO COMEDIES. By Israel Zangwill. 6s. (Heinemann.)

It is some few years now since Mr. Zangwill published his "Ghetto Tragedies," and one is naturally inclined to compare this new book of his with the older one; for in the writing of stories dealing with Jewish life in the Ghettos of the world he has no serious English rival but himself. These comedies are less dramatic, less vividly imaginative, perhaps, than the Tragedies, but they show the same wonderfully sympathetic knowledge of the race out of whose joys and sorrows and strange idiosyncrasies they are woven, and they are written with the same fulness of suggestion, the same artistic reticence. There is a sharp edge of bitterness, that is touched more with pity than with scorn, in the fine irony of "The Model of Sorrows," which tells how an artist finds a Jew with the noble, sad face of the Christ, and employs him to sit as a model, and tries afterwards to serve him, only to find that this man, whose baffling expression of guile and dignity and anguish is so difficult to put on to the canvas, is lying to him and duping him all the time. More homely realistic and charged with simpler pathos is "The Bearer of Burdens"; there are indeed tears mingling with the laughter of most of these Comedies, and it is often a wry, grim laughter, but never with anything of mockery in it. Mr. Zangwill knows and makes us to know the virtues, the kindnesses, the greatness of his people; he knows their littlenesses also, their vices and their sordidness, and reveals them unflinchingly, but with a wide charity that can forgive because it can understand. It is a brilliantly true and a humane book, that one reads for the charm of its style and the profound interest of its themes, and is the wiser for reading.

NEARLY FIVE MILLION. By W. Pett Ridge. 5s. (Hodder and Stoughton.)

One has only to see the name of Mr. Pett Ridge under the title to guess at once that "Nearly Five Million" refers to the population of London. There are many novelists who find a happy hunting-ground in the greatest city in the world, but none of them is more wholly or intimately associated with it than is Mr. Pett Ridge. Just as for long past people have been in the habit of describing certain quaint London types, when they meet them, as "Dickens characters," so you will find them beginning now to refer to certain different but equally well-marked types as "Pett Ridge characters"—a sure sign of widening and deepening recognition at which all of us who know good work when we see it will honestly rejoice. The very truth and accuracy with which he mirrors the life he sets himself to present is perhaps liable to blind us to the exquisite art with which his work is done; he does not see the men and women and the places he pictures with the eyes of the photographer, or there would be more of drabness and squalor in his pages; it is because he sees below the surface and is sympathetically aware of the sweetness, the courage, the wholesome, kindly humanity that underlie what is superficially unlovely in the lives of the poor and touches in the love and simple happiness of them, which are never visible to the unimaginative observer. This new volume contains twenty-three stories and sketches in his best and most characteristic vein; they are as varied in subject and as fresh and vigorous in treatment as if he had never written anything of the kind before, and the longish, ten-chapter story, "Capture of Town," is the most elusively pathetic and most subtly humorous of any of them. It is impossible to convey an adequate idea of his stories by sketching the plots of them, for with him it is the treatment that makes his theme a thing of human interest, a source of laughter or of tears; it is sufficient to say that if you know his books you will be glad of this one, and if you do not, a reading of this will make you want to.

The Bookman's Table.

THE HISTORY OF THE SQUARES OF LONDON. By E. Beresford Chancellor. With Illustrations. 21s. net. (Kegan Paul, Trench, Trübner and Co.)

The Squares! The Squares where youth, beauty, wealth, intellect, fashion, romance, intrigue, plot have all played their parts in past centuries, hold in their acres material for a volume of absorbing interest. Men and houses here combine to keep us fascinated by pictures of the past; and, as the author says, "apart from the intrinsic interest attaching to the various squares, we must remember that they all form part of that great organic whole, that wonder and mystery, that microcosm of the universe, London!" East, west, north, south, each district not only has its squares, but its characteristic squares. There is Golden Square, "a quiet oasis almost in the midst of the rush of Regent Street," with its houses reminiscent of Bolingbroke, William Windham, Angelica Kauffmann, Mrs. Cibber, and many others of those picturesque periods. There is Kensington Square, recalling the days of "Esmond," when Beatrix and the Prince strolled in its precincts, and Steele came wooing Mrs. Scurlock. There is Tavistock Square, for ever to be associated with Charles Dickens and the famous men and women of letters who visited him. There is Hoxton Square, in the Hoxton district, "once affected by City merchants on account of 'the purity of the air.'" There is Smith Square, Westminster, off which lived Dickens's "Jenny Wren," the dolls' dressmaker. There is Bloomsbury Square, one of the oldest of them all, scene of past magnificence and continual interest, duelling-ground and meeting-place of wits and men of many parts. This might so easily have been a catch-penny bit of book-making that we are doubly grateful to the author for his genuine research and evident sincere love for his subject. "London," said Dr. Johnson, "is nothing to some people; but to a man whose pleasure is intellectual, London is the place." The style of the book leads pleasantly on from square to square, dropping into the ear of its "perambulating" companion here a bit of history, here a scrap of gossip, here a hint of architectural lore, here a touch of humour, here a pungent criticism or an apt and amusing anecdote. It is a book to read, to browse over, to refer to. And the temper of it is admirable in itself; so frank it is, so honest and ready to acknowledge the pioneer work of other writers. "I tremble to think," says Mr. Chancellor, writing of St. James's Square, "of the mistakes I might have committed had I not had the advantage of Mr. Dasent's learned and interesting work ['The History of St. James's Square'] to guide me in the right path." This is a book for all who

love London; its very chapter-headings are inspiring, and its valuable illustrations, from drawings, fans, prints, maps, etc., form a distinct additional charm.

"WILD FLOWERS OF THE BRITISH ISLES." Illustrated and written by H. Isabel Adams, F.L.S. Revised by James E. Bagnall, A.L.S. 30s. net. (Heinemann.)

The chief feature of this book is the seventy-six plates, giving coloured pictures of about two hundred and fifty plants, leaf, flower, fruit, stem, and root, and where necessary, both male and female flower, calyx, corolla, stamens, a section of the fruit, etc. These it is impossible to overpraise for the accuracy, not merely of the colouring and form of individual flower and leaf, but of the proper character of the plant as a whole—its peculiar curves, rigidity, pliancy, etc. Curiously enough, each page has a distinct decorative value. But for some unexplained reason, only a large proportion of our flowers are described, while the illustrations depict fewer still. Only twenty-nine orders are included, and, among the omissions, we notice Liliaceæ, Orchideæ, Primulaceæ, etc., and such flowers as Moneywort, Henbane, Iris, Forget-me-not, Cowslip, Primrose, Bugle, Bugloss, Heather, Ling, Broomrape, Toothwort, Wintergreen, Nightshade, Bittersweet, Ramsons, Arum, Daffodil, Harebell, Woundwort, Toadflax, Foxglove. Miss Adams will put us under a further deep obligation if she will paint all the omissions that are accessible. It is a pity, too, that hardly more than the usual botanical descriptions are given. These are to be found in many books, and would go into a small pamphlet. It would have been worthier of the illustrations to add some of the new observations which have been made during the last century. Take, for example, the white bryony. It is described in a few lines and in such a way as does not imply any personal acquaintance with the plant; but turn to Lord Avebury's "British Flowering Plants," and we find:—

"... Ludwig records a case in which a female plant was fertilised with pollen from a male growing at a distance of about forty metres. One species of bee, Andrena florea, appears to visit this species exclusively. It has been suggested that the flower may have some special odour, very attractive to this particular bee, but which we cannot perceive. Struck by the great attraction which these, to our eyes inconspicuous, flowers have for insects, Knuth suspects that they may possess some attraction not visible to our eye, and suggests that they may emit ultraviolet rays, which, as I have shown elsewhere, are visible to some insects. In support of this view he finds that they act energetically on photographic plates."

We do not expect every botanist to rival Knuth or Lord Avebury, but it might well be understood that every new book on our flowers should contain some pledge of fresh study. Soils, aspects, neighbours, properties, etc., have been very scantily studied.

IN MALAY FORESTS. By George Maxwell. 6s. (Blackwood.)

Mr. Maxwell's first chapter leads us to expect a remarkable book, for, in an unaffected style, he gives a setting to his later chapters by a description of the immense virgin, Malay Forest. It is so dense that as you walk "You are the centre of a small circle whose radius varies from fifteen to thirty yards"; so vast and ancient that the very native, going out to cut canes within easy call of his home, has to make an invocation to the forest spirits:—

"Peace unto ye all!
I come as a friend, not as an enemy.
I come to seek my living, not to make war.
May no harm come to me, nor mine,
To my wife, my children, or my home.
Because I intend no harm, nor evil,
I ask that I may come, and go, in peace."

But Mr. Maxwell does not come in peace. He is too much a hunter, and though he writes with some picturesqueness and no extravagance, yet he cannot long hold any man who is not thinking of doing the same thing, with his accounts of killing rhinoceros, deer, crocodile, buffalo, tapir, elephant, and tiger. He is careful and clear in his descriptions of methods, and should be a good guide. As a rule, he is little more. He is so ardent in pursuit of skins and horns that he loses his sense of proportion, and transmits to us hardly any poetry, while such a chapter as that on the tapir, an inoffensive animal with "no spoils of market value," which he only hunts to break a long series of disappointments, with really desirable game, is almost stupid. But he makes generous reparation in an entirely pleasant chapter on the little mouse-deer, a deer barely eight inches high. This is the Reynard Fox, or Brer Rabbit, of the Malay folk-stories, and Mr. Maxwell repeats several of them. In one the mouse-deer has to cross a river infested by crocodiles. He starts a discussion with one as to whether the crocodiles or the mouse-deer are the more numerous. The crocodile calls up all his brethren that the mouse-deer may count them. And so, pretending to count, the artful one goes safely to the other side over a solid mass of crocodiles. Mr. Maxwell has more of these tales, and we could heartily wish that he had put them in place of some of his tame but bloodthirsty hunting narratives.

RAMBLES BY AN AUSTRALIAN NATURALIST. Written by Paul Fountain, from the Notes and Journals of Thomas Ward. 10s. 6d. net. (Murray.)

This book is written up from the notes of a Queensland stock-farmer, Mr. Ward, preserving, we are told, their original beauty and simplicity. In the course of twenty-two disconnected chapters, the writer touches on the birds, beasts, flowers, aboriginals, and geology of New South Wales, Victoria, Queensland, South Australia, and West Australia. He obviously writes of nothing that he does not know well, and over and above his information, the point of view by a man of the soil is valuable. The fauna of Australia is still imperfectly known, and these first-hand descriptions, if not showing any great curiosity of observation or vividness of style, are sufficiently minute and clear to be important. Most interesting of all are the many pages on the aboriginals. Here and there intrude irrelevant criticisms that represent not Mr. Ward's view in particular, but simply a conventional view, as, for example: "The black ... sometimes evinces no small affection for his offspring," and "Natural affection does sometimes assert itself even among savages." But he gives a strong impression of the brutal stupidity and impatience of the early settlers; and at many points, of the aboriginals way of life, his manners, amusements, and arts. For example, he describes the rock drawings of the natives in West Australia, "representing native scenes, hunts, and corroborees, and also animals, birds, fish, and even insects, with wonderful accuracy." This might have been far more minutely done. Among the fresh things in one of the chapters on the natives is the women's custom of carrying about with them the bones of children they have lost. These they set up with wonderful rapidity and accuracy, and then talk nonsense to them by the hour. In the descriptions of characteristic scenery, we have been much struck by the valleys in the Blue Mountains. There are prodigious clefts, with almost perpendicular stony sides of over a thousand feet in height, the bottoms level, and full of the richest grass, and accessible only at the end nearest the plain, where the cleft is sometimes so narrow that even a dog cannot squeeze through. A stranger or more romantic feature it would be hard to imagine, outside of "Kubla Khan."

QUEEN HORTENSE AND HER FRIENDS. By I A. Taylor. 2 vols. 24s. net. (Hutchinson and Co.)

It is strange that a good English biography of a woman whose career was so romantic, so varied, and so unfortunate, has hitherto been wanting, and it is fortunate that at last the task of writing the life of Hortense de Beauharnais has fallen into such capable hands as those of Miss Taylor. She has attempted, as she puts it, a picture that is neither the work of a partisan nor of an enemy. "Some," she quotes M. Nauroy as saying, "have made a goddess of her, others have not been able to forgive her Napoleon III." Miss Taylor tells us that she holds no brief for the *artiste-reine*, but her book shows throughout that her sympathies are with her fair subject. No one should blame her for this; in the interests of justice alone it is time that we had an efficient counterblast to the envenomed misrepresentations of M. Turquan. Her own memoirs, with the writing of which Hortense occupied many of those hours which at Arenenberg must have seemed long and wearisome to an exile whose fondest memories were of a time when she was the acknowledged leader in the brilliant world of fashionable Paris, have never been published in their entirety. It was her wish that they should not be printed, a rule relaxed by herself only in so far as to allow the publication of that portion covering the period of the Italian insurrection. If we could only read the rest! They were her confessions,

perhaps, as Miss Taylor says, her justifications. As things are, "it is upon the data supplied by contemporaries that posterity must form its conclusions." We know how many of those contemporaries constituted themselves the malicious detractors of an unfortunate woman for the reason only that fortune had made her their political adversary. Not the least interesting feature of these two volumes is supplied by the many glimpses which we are shown of the great Bonaparte, when, throwing aside the worries of Empire, he plays the part of a family man in the small circle of those who were admitted to his companionship on terms of intimacy. In the early days of his marriage to Josephine, he makes pets of her two delightful children, Eugene and Hortense, he writes to their mother about them, he sends them presents. After Hortense is married, he plays games with her baby, the little Napoleon Charles, who was to do so much, and who disappointed all the great expectations formed for him, and nearly broke his mother's heart when, just before his fifth birthday, he developed the childish malady which proved fatal in three days. He must have been an engaging child. Expensive playthings were but vain delights to him, if *maman* refused to let him play in the "beautiful mud" that he could see from his nursery window. His parents were unsuited to each other, there was no mutual love, nothing but mutual distrust. Napoleon Charles perceived this, and he sought to alter it. "Taking by the hand his father, who would allow himself to be conducted by that angel of peace towards Queen Hortense, he would say, "Kiss her, *papa*, I beg of you." Many of the Queen's friends of her own sex, of whom Miss Taylor makes mention, had been her fellow-pupils at the establishment of Madame Campan, that sensible and cultivated old lady who made it her business to instil into the youth of the mushroom aristocracy of the Empire the tone and manners of the *ancien régime*. Space forbids further discussion of Miss Taylor's interesting book, which, valuable in itself, is made more so by the addition of twenty-six excellent illustrations of the notabilities whom we meet with in its pages.

JOHN BASKERVILLE: A MEMOIR. By Ralph Straus and Robert K. Dent. £1 1s. (Chatto and Windus.)

The famous Birmingham printer "whose magnificent editions went forth to astonish all the librarians of Europe," has had to wait more than a century before his life and works were considered worthy of a special monograph. Living during the years 1706-1775, he was successively writing master, patentee, and manufacturer of japanned goods, and printer. His life was spent in Birmingham, then a comparatively small place, and it shows the man's energy and belief in his own work, that he became the friend of Benjamin Franklin, John Wilkes, and Joseph Priestley, and the correspondent of Voltaire. At this distance of time, perhaps a better perspective can be obtained of the personality of Baskerville, and a better judgment made of the value of his work as a printer. Mr. Straus and Mr. Dent, working upon the materials collected during many years by Mr. Samuel Timmins, have produced an extremely interesting volume. The memoir, the elaborate bibliography, the documents, including all the known Baskerville letters, and the technical dissertations on his ink, types, and paper, are all minutely and carefully worked out. The result is, perhaps, not final, as finality in anything connected with bibliography is practically impossible, but it is so far good that everyone interested either in the man or his work will necessarily consider this book as the groundwork of their investigations.

ROYAL COMMISSION ON HUMAN AND ANIMAL TUBERCULOSIS. Part II., Appendix, Vol. IV. Comparative Histological and Bacteriological Investigations. By Arthur Eastwood, M.D. 2s. 8d. (Wyman and Sons.)

Among the biblia-abiblia banned by Lamb are all Scientific Treatises. Undismayed by that proclamation, we desire to call the attention, even of general readers, to the investigations made by Dr. Arthur Eastwood, and now presented to the public in the form of a portly blue-book. The work is essentially a refutation of Koch's mischievous theory as to the dissimilarity between human and bovine tuberculosis. The greater part of the book is necessarily devoted to the reports of the investigations conducted by Dr. Eastwood during the last three years at the Royalcot Laboratory at Stansted. These results are, of course, only for the appraisement of experts, but the manner of their presentation, the masterly ordering of a multiplicity of details, the logical triumph of classification and deduction, the perfect lucidity of exposition—these are things which may well compel the admiration of every reader, as they certainly do honour to British medical science. Many have been the Blue-Books which have presented formless and therefore useless statistics which could be used to support either side of the case. But Dr. Eastwood has the courage of his statistics, and deduces his conclusions with no uncertain hand. His summaries and inter-chapters are models of scientific exposition, and we trust that they may soon be exhumed from a Blue-book and issued by some other publishing house than His Majesty's Stationery Office. We can here indicate only by two brief quotations Dr. Eastwood's conclusions on the two sides of the investigation entrusted to him. They are clear and definite, as they are of far-reaching importance.

> "It appears to me that my histological investigations have been sufficiently comprehensive to justify my opinion that differences in kind between the morbid processes set up in mammals by human tubercle bacilli on the one hand, and by bovine tubercle bacilli on the other, do not exist."
>
> "It is, therefore, established that, judged by the criterion of bacteriological culture, the bovine tubercle bacilli and these human tubercle bacilli are identical organisms."

These unequivocal findings, based on so careful and exhaustive an inquiry, will doubtless soon lead to legislative measures of supreme importance to the public health. We would urge everyone, expert or layman, whose interest or duty is concerned with this subject of such momentous interest, to possess himself or herself of this masterly report, which the Government, serenely indifferent as ever to merely commercial considerations, issues at the price of a cheap reprint.

HOW TO FISH: A TREATISE ON TROUT AND TROUT-FISHERS. By W. Earl Hodgson. 3s. 6d. net. (A. and C. Black.)

Anglers—even the oldest of old piscatorial hands—are ever on the outlook for fresh information, no angler being so self-satisfied as to imagine that he has learned all about the craft, so Mr. Hodgson is to be congratulated on his title—"How to Fish"—it being a title that will attract not only those skilled in the art of catching trout with rod and line, but also those who are serving their apprenticeship, or are just about to enter on it. Some time ago, Mr. Hodgson gave us an entertaining book, styled "Trout-fishing"; and the new work is supplementary, it having been pointed out to Mr. Hodgson that "Trout-fishing" left a widespread want unsatisfied; that it met the case only of those who already knew a good deal about the subject—which is true. "How to Fish," then, is designed as an "exhaustive treatise," for the benefit, primarily, of the uninitiated, and the writer has a big measure of success in accomplishing his object. He writes with much detail and erudition of the Trout, of the Rod, the Fittings of the Rod, on Flies, of Fly-fishing, of the Dry Fly, and many other matters most intimately associated with the sport that he has in hand. We may be pardoned, however, if on commenting on an admirably written and genial work, we say frankly that we prefer Mr. Hodgson as a spinner of theories and a reciter of riverside reminiscences than as the maker of a Manual. It is not his metier. But it should be made clear that "How to Fish" is not composed exclusively of technicalities—that it is heavily charged with characteristically Hodgsonian disquisitions, which include a good deal of philosophy and many ingenious theories. Also, he has something to say of the Dry-fly Man, a person whom he does not love whole-heartedly. On the whole, we incline to the view that he is rather hard on the dry-fly fisher; though assuredly it has to be admitted that those who fish only the dry-fly are most censorious of their brethren of the wet-fly, just as the wet-fly anglers have much that is uncomplimentary to say of those who scorn all lures save the fly that is dry. The time has arrived for an entente cordiale between the two schools, and an admission that there is merit in both gospels. The book is brightened by eight full-page illustrations from photographs and eighteen smaller engravings in the text.

Notes on New Books.

MR. T. FISHER UNWIN.

We shall never again take up a novel by Mr. H. de Vere Stacpoole with any feeling of certainty, though we hope that there will be many for us to take up. We knew him as the author of "Fanny Lambert," and in consequence we expected clever amusement; but **The Crimson Azaleas** (6s.) is more than an amusing novel well-written; it is poignant as well as entertaining; it is delicate and glowing as well as vivacious; it holds, more than any novel we have read for years, the *real* Japan. Day after day we live in Nagasaki, and fall beneath the glamour, a though the author, refreshingly free from affectations or gush, gives us quite the true picture of the violent contrasts of the fairy-like and the everyday to be found in a Japanese town. It is this blending, this admirable showing of the truth while impressing the beauty, that is so strong a charm throughout the book. The opening chapter—where the two Scots trudging along the dusty road towards Nikko, meet the Blind One, tell him to show them a devil (as he says he can), and unwittingly send him, a maniac, yelling down the road to his death in the mountains, while the small child is found among the crimson azaleas—is at once engrossing, and the rest of the book holds its reader with equal strength. One does not need to be a lover of Japan to like this story: its humour and charm are for the insular as well as for the cosmopolitan.

MESSRS. DUCKWORTH AND CO.

Mrs. Elinor Glyn is an exotic writer, and her latest book, **Three Weeks** (6s.), is of the nature of the tuberose to which she so often alludes in it. Paul Verdayne was an athletic young Englishman, who, after Eton, and Oxford, and a taste of London, broke his collar-bone and thought he had lost his heart to the hockey-playing, friendly daughter of the parson at home. To cure him, Paul's mother (who thought him god-like and perfect) and his father (who understood life, though he had missed something in it himself) sent him abroad to think matters over for three months. Three weeks of that time was sufficient to change life for Paul from merely a "good thing" to a glorious bliss. The parson's daughter was forgotten, and the rest of the story is the story of a great passion. There is very little of Mrs. Glyn's earlier flippancy in this book, and at times her sincerity is impressive. We find the book's love-story, however, rather like the tuberose—apt to be overpowering when concentrated. Tuberoses have a heavy scent, which is rather unwholesome if not mingled with plenty of fresh air.

MESSRS. GAY AND BIRD.

If anyone wishes to be cheered by means of a new book, let him take **The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary** (6s.), the latest novel of Anne Warner, the lively authoress of "Susan Clegg." Aunt Mary is very rich, stone deaf, and not entirely amiable. She has nieces and nephews who try her sorely, and who are sorely tried by her. One nephew in particular (her favourite), who dances in and out of her will with dazzling frequency, is the hero of the book; and in spite of his delinquencies entertains her in New York with wild dissipations. The story shall not be told here, but the fun may be guessed, when we say that Aunt Mary was taken by the nephew and his chosen friends to some of the gayest and raciest entertainments and haunts of the city. There is one chapter of which we do not approve—Chapter XVII.; it jars, and we question its taste; but there is many a smile in the book, and not a little very pretty love-making.

THE PRIORY PRESS.

The greatness and the many-sidedness of Canon Henry Cary Shuttleworth are revealed in a tender and beautiful manner in the slim volume of **Poems and Hymns** (3s. 6d. net) just recollected and edited by Mr. E. H. A. Koch. In Canon Shuttleworth was to be found that important and undeniable quality we term "personality." His words were influential, but *himself* was a force. Canon Scott Holland, in an Introduction to these poems and hymns, recalls the warmth and breadth of affection which lay in the man, his honesty, his unceasing personal care for the lonely men and women, for the workers in the city, and his brave, enthusiastic revolt against the sneers which the secular-minded cast at a mistaken Christianity. Canon Shuttleworth objected to it, and he changed it. The lovableness and the deep faith of the man are to be found in these beautiful poems and hymns. All are written at a high standard of excellence, each one contains a fresh thought, or a fine old thought freshly and strongly put. The vitality of the writer is impressed upon his lines, and whether it is a Cavalier Song or an Easter Hymn the same manliness and life are in it. Hundreds of us who sympathised with the endeavours of the Shuttleworth Club, who sorrowed over the premature close of a useful life—and who care for beautiful poems, will be grateful to Mr. Koch for this volume, which seems to bring again to us the voice which has been still for several years.

MR. ELLIOT STOCK.

Flowers and Trees of Palestine, by Augusta A. Temple (6s.), is a most interesting and valuable book. It ought to have a steady sale, for it supplies just what is needed to Bible students and those going to the Holy Land. Miss Temple, in her Introduction, says that when starting for a tour in Palestine she discovered that no portable handbook containing a list of its flowers and trees existed. She herself has supplied the want very adequately. Her own beautiful photographic studies of wild flowers are admirably reproduced, and there are particularly lovely studies of "the lilies of the field" and "the oil tree." The letterpress consists of four chapters. "Characteristic Flowers of Palestine," "Thorny Plants," "Tropical and Alpine Plants," and "Trees" are described. Some musical fragments from the poets are woven in: the pink flax, for instance, is lovingly described:—

"When through its half-transparent stalk at eve
The level sunshine glimmers with green light."

An excellent and comprehensive "Alphabetical Descriptive List" is given at the end, running to more than a hundred pages. Here, too, Miss Temple has contrived to weave in quotations and comments that lighten and brighten. Thus we have a notable little paragraph on the "lettered hyacinth of darksome hue"; and among many quaint quotations from Parkinson we find him lamenting that "there are no 'vertues' belonging to the iris. These kind of flower de luces . . . serve only to deck up the gardens of the curious." The print of the whole book, by the way, is delightfully clear, and the writer is to be sincerely congratulated on her great knowledge and the charming and entertaining methods in which it has been displayed in these pages.

Reprints and New Editions.

Marvels in book-production are still coming to us, and among the most marvellous are the tasteful, well-bound volumes of Messrs. T. Nelson and Sons' new Sevenpenny Library. Three really delightful specimens are before us:—**Quisante,** by Anthony Hope; **Robert Elsmere,** by Mrs. Humphry Ward; and **Incomparable Bellairs,** by Agnes and Egerton Castle. The volumes, especially the first and last, are in large, bold type. "Robert Elsmere," owing to its length, is unavoidably in somewhat smaller type, but this is also good and clear. The little scarlet books are a pleasure to handle, and they lie open in the hand as the very best of books should do. Here are, in fact, books for the library, good contents well-produced, at the cost of a magazine.

As friendly rivals to the above come four volumes of "Handy Modern Fiction" from Messrs. Collins, Glasgow, at the same price, sevenpence—**The Brown Eyes of Mary,** by Madame Albanesi; **The Great Refusal,** by Maxwell Gray; **The Secret Woman,** by Eden Phillpotts; and, lastly, that fine old favourite, **The Golden Butterfly,** by Walter Besant and James Rice. Scarlet volumes also are these, excellent in production within and without. A coloured illustration and title-page brighten each volume, and the whole is a credit to any publisher and a boon to the reading public.

New Books of the Month.

MAY 10TH TO JUNE 10TH.

THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

BROCKINGTON, A. ALLEN, M.A.—Old Testament Miracles in the Light of the Gospel, 3s. net ..... (T. and T. Clark)
There is help in this book for those who find difficulty in accepting the miracles of the Old Testament in their literal sense. Mr. Brockington puts them again before us as signs, and, without turning his volume into one of criticism, gives us certain facts of nature which are instructive, and shows us also the widest meaning and teaching of what are called "wonders and miracles."

Churchman's Penny Library. I.—Our Church: What it Teaches and Offers Us. By Canon Newbolt. II.—Selections from the Imitation of Christ. III.—Along the Road: A Book of Verse for Common Days. Compiled by G. M. Ireland Blackburne. IV.—The Prayer-Book: What It Is and How We Should Use It. By Rev. Percy Dearmer. V.—Churchman's Handy Dictionary. VI.—Robert Dolling, Mission Priest. By Alan Hascombe. 1d. each ..... (Mowbray)
Little books of varied interest, ranging from the straight words of Canon Newbolt, on the demands and the privileges of religion, to the beautiful poems selected as daily helps; from a short life-story of a faithful priest, to a useful reference book of Church terms and phrases. Each volume is the pennyworth of common help which is worth a pound of vapouring advice.

DAVIDSON, WILLIAM L., M.A., LL.D.—The Stoic Creed. Religion in Literature and Life Series. 4s. 6d. net. (T. and T. Clark)

DE BARY, RICHARD. Compiler "Mystical Fellowship," 4s. 6d. net ..... (Longmans)

Faith, A Plain Man's, 5s. net ..... (Constable)

FINDLAY, GEORGE G., D.D.—The Books of the Prophets. Vol. II. 2s. 6d. ..... (C. H. Kelly)

HENRY, S., B.A.—Christus Redivivus, 5s. net .... (H. J. Drane)

INGRAM, RT. REV. A. F. WINNINGTON, D.D.—The Call of the Father, 1s. and 2s. 6d. ..... (Wells, Gardner)

IRVINE, DAVID.—A Defence of Pessimism, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
This forms Part I. of an Introduction to the works of Schopenhauer. The type is excellent and the paper good; well worth binding in volume-form when finished.

KALTHOFF, ALBERT.—The Rise of Christianity. Translated by Joseph McCabe. 2s. 6d. net ..... (Watts and Co.)

ROBERTSON, JOHN M.—Pioneer Humanists, 6s. (Watts and Co.)
The eight critical essays which make up this volume range

from Machiavelli and Bacon to Gibbon and Mary Wollstonecraft. Mr. Robertson possesses a forcible style and a good equipment of knowledge, but he suffers from the defects of his qualities. He is unduly controversial, and, like many apostles of free-thought, has small tolerance for those who do not share his views, whether on philosophical, political, or critical matters. The weakest side of this stimulating book is literary criticism proper, the estimate of Gibbon, for example, being singularly lop-sided and incomplete.

SHARPE, REV. G. H., M.A.—Thoughts for the Thankful, 1s. 6d. ..... (Wells, Gardner)
WATKINSON, REV. W. L.—The Supreme Conquest, 3s. 6d. (Kelly)

NEW EDITIONS.

Job, The Book of. With an Introduction by G. K. Chesterton. 6s. ..... (Wellwood)

Mr. Chesterton "on Job" is a fine combination, and truthfully it may be said that for the general reader each illuminates the other. The beauty of Job is very apparent in this poetical manner of printing; and Mr. Chesterton's remarks are full of allusion and reason and interest. The volume is printed on hand-made paper, and prettily bound in white covers.

LEACH, REV. CHARLES, D.D.—Shall We Know Our Friends in Heaven, 1s. net ..... (Stockwell)
MARTINEAU, JAMES, LL.D., D.D.—Endeavours After the Christian Life, 6d. (British and Foreign Unitarian Association)
MORIES, A. S.—The New Theology, 6d. ..... (Watts and Co.)
NEWMAN, FRANCIS WILLIAM.—Phases of Faith, 6d. (Watts and Co.)
SHARPE, SAMUEL.—Historic Notes on the Books of the Old and New Testaments, 6s. net ..... (Elliot Stock)

FICTION.

ALBANESI, MADAME.—The Strongest of All Things, 6s. (Hurst and Blackett)
BLYTH, JAMES.—The Canker, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
BRADDON, M. E.—Dead Love Has Chains, 3s. 6d. (Hurst and Blackett)

Miss Braddon is quite right, if this story is to be taken as a picture from life; and she has undeniably given a genuine and appealing life-likeness to her writing. The passionate, half-understood love of a girl of eighteen wrecks the life of Irene Thelliston, and when she would take the happiness of a better and a later love, the old tie, now hateful to her, drags her back. The story is a sad one, but is written with such vigour and youthfulness that it is hard to believe that Miss Braddon has been thrilling and delighting us, and a generation before us, with a list of novels which for popularity are almost without rival.

BREWER, DANIEL DOUGLAS.—A Full-length Portrait of Eve, 6s. ..... (John Long)
BROOKE, EMMA.—Sir Elyot of the Woods, 6s. ... (Heinemann)
BROWN, KENNETH.—Sirocco, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
BROWN, VINCENT.—The Coward in Eden, 6s. (Hutchinson)
CAINE, WILLIAM.—The Pursuit of the President, 2s. 6d. (Routledge)
CLARKE, T. KINGSTON.—The Widda-Man, 6s. ... (Constable)
CROUCH, ARCHER PHILIP.—A Wife from the Forbidden Land, 6s. ..... (John Long)
DANBY, FRANK.—A Coquette in Crape, 1s. net ... (Chatto)
DAVIS, WILLIAM.—A Victor of Salamis, 6s. ..... (Macmillan)
DAWE, CARLTON.—The Life Perilous, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
DE MORGAN, WILLIAM.—Alice-for-Short, 6s. ... (Heinemann)
EVERARD, FLORENCE.—A Noble Fool, 6s. ... (Arrowsmith)
FLETCHER, J. S.—Mr. Poskitt, 6s. ..... (Eveleigh Nash)
FOX-DAVIES, A. C.—The Average Man, 2s. 6d. ... (Routledge)

The average-man was not by any means a hero, and his chief value in this book lies in the fact that he helps to make the story and thicken the plot. The story begins with the right woman and the wrong woman and the man. These are enough for a sensational start, and then follows the murder—a mysterious murder, too. On the whole the book is a big thing for half a crown, but the squeamish may consider that it is too big.

FRENSSEN, GUSTAV.—The Three Comrades, 6s. (Constable)
GLYN, ELINOR.—Three Weeks, 6s. ..... (Duckworth)
HEKKING, AVIS.— In Search of Jehanne, 6s. ..... (John Long)

A stirring tale of cut and thrust, intrigue and fighting and love. It is told with an admirable absence of prosiness; it is quick and lively, and full of incident. The period is the sixteenth century, but the author, we are thankful to say, makes no attempt to be pedantically archaic: so his tale has something of the charm of old romance and modern attractiveness of everyday happenings. The story is about young Huguenot students and a pretty foundling, and many a trial through which they emerge before the happy ending is reached.

HARDY, IZA DUFFUS.—His Silence, 6s. ..... (Digby, Long)
HENHAM, ERNEST G.—The Feast of Bacchus, 6s. (Brown, Langham)
HILL, ETHEL.—The Woman Friend and the Wife, 6s. (Greening)
HOLLANDS, EVER.—Love's Passion, Lost and Won. (Stockwell)
JEPSON, EDGAR.—The Four Philanthropists, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)

Whatever Mr. Jepson writes is fairly sure to be amusing, and in this new book he entertains us with the doings of a "Company," which is formed by a few friends for the removal of people who are detrimental to the good and the progress of humanity. They disapprove of the anarchists' attacks on crowned heads, and are of opinion that the removal of undesirable monied people—financiers, and pork-princes, and such like—would be much more effectual in bettering the world. The "minutes" of this company's proceedings are entirely amusing, and that no one is actually killed is really no drawback after all. The story is told with lightness and point, and should lie on every smoking-room table—as long as it is allowed to.

JEROME, JEROME K.—The Passing of the Third Floor Back, and Other Stories, 2s. 6d. ..... (Hurst and Blackett)
LAWRENCE, C. E.—Pilgrimage, 6s. ..... (John Murray)
LEA, ADA HAMMOND.—"Molly and Co." ..... (Stockwell)
LONG, GEORGE.—A Just Fate, 6s. ..... (Greening)
LORING, ANDREW.—The Shadow of Divorce, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
MACKAY, LYDIA MILLER.—The Return of the Emigrant, 6s. (Blackwood)
MARABELL, WILLIAM.—The Wattersons (Stanley-Taylor Co.)
MARSH, RICHARD.—A Woman Perfected, 6s. ... (John Long)
McCUTCHEON, G. M.—Jane Cable, 6s. ..... (E. G. Richards)
MILL, GARRETT.—The Cardinal's Secret, 6s. ..... (Blackwood)
NEIHARDT, JOHN G.—The Lonesome Trail, 6s. (John Lane)
ORCZY, BARONESS.—The Tangled Skein, 6s. ..... (Greening)
PEATTIE, ELIA W.—The Judge ..... (Everett)
SABATINI, RAFAEL.—Love-at-Arms, 6s. ..... (Hutchinson)
ST. CLAIR, OSWALD.—Ladies' Logic, 1s. ..... (Digby, Long)
SCOT, HEW.—The Way of War, 6s. ..... (John Long)
SMITH, MRS. ISABEL.—The Jewel House, 6s. ... (John Long)

A country romance with a real little plot, in which the pretty, lilac-gowned, rose-tinted cheeked granddaughter of the farm attempts to avert poverty and ejection by means of a treasure hidden in a mysterious house. That the farmer's granddaughter is wooed and won by the baronet (a really good and virtuous baronet this time) does not detract from the style and interest of the story.

STACPOOLE, H. DE VERE.—The Crimson Azaleas, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
STEVENSON, BURTON E.—Affairs of State, 3s. 6d. (Chatto)
URQUHART, PAUL.—The Web. Illustrated. 6s. (Ward, Lock)
WARNER, ANNE.—The Rejuvenation of Aunt Mary, 6s. (Gay and Bird)
WHITE, F. M.—The Midnight Guest, 6s. ..... (Cassell)
WILKINS, MARY E.—The Heart's Highway, 2s. 6d. net (John Murray)
WILLIAMSON, W. H.—A Race for a Crown, 6s. (Ward, Lock)
WILSON-WILSON, THEODORA.—A Navvy from Kings, 6s. (Cassell)

A pretty, harmless love-story, in which a light-hearted young Irishman, having been taunted on account of his loafing propensities and told that he would never be able to earn as much as an ordinary day-labourer, actually goes off and puts himself to the test. As it happens, he has fallen in love with a girl, an heiress on certain conditions, and the working out of the story is by no means dull. This is a book which may safely be placed in the hands of the young person; it will give her a confidence in the determination of man—and perhaps an interest in navvies.

NEW EDITIONS.

ALBANESI, MADAME.—The Brown Eyes of Mary, 7d. net (Collins)
BESANT, WALTER, AND JAMES RICE.—The Golden Butterfly, 7d. net ..... (Collins)
CASTLE, AGNES AND EGERTON.—Incomparable Bellairs, 7d. ..... (Nelson)
CLEEVE, LUCAS.—His Italian Wife, 6d. ..... (John Long)
GLEIG, G. R.—The Subaltern, 1s. net ..... (Blackwood)
GOULD, NAT.—The Lady Trainer, 6d. ..... (John Long)
GRAY, MAXWELL.—The Great Refusal, 7d. net ..... (Collins)
HOPE, ANTHONY.—Quisanté, 7d. ..... (Nelson)
PHILLPOTTS, EDEN.—The Secret Woman, 7d. net (Collins)
VACHELL, H. A.—The Shadowy Third, 2s. 6d. net (John Murray)
VACHELL, H. A.—John Charity, 2s. 6d. net ... (John Murray)
WARD, MRS. HUMPHRY.—Robert Elsmere, 7d. ..... (Nelson)

POETRY, MUSIC, AND THE DRAMA.

BOTTOMLEY, GORDON.—Chambers of Imagery, 1s. net (Elkin Mathews)
COLERIDGE, HARTLEY.—Poems, 1s. net ..... (Wellwood)
COUTTS, FRANCIS.—The Romance of King Arthur, 5s. net (John Lane)
CRAVEN, ARTHUR SCOTT.—Joe Skinner, 1s. 6d. net (Elkin Mathews)

The poet is in a jocular vein when he begins this poem on the fate of a street-singer, who suffered from the fact that Nature had cursed him with a continuous sneer on his lip:—

"What a theme for your cynic, my masters, Ah me!
What a heartless old dramatist nature can be."

For Joe Skinner, the sneerer, was in reality a timid, soft-hearted child and man, gentle and good. But the world was against him by reason of that sneer. Mr. Craven writes with strength and sweetness and facility, and is decidedly clever and apt in his use of words.

GARDENER, A.—Songs and Sonnets ..... (Stockwell)
The title of this little volume was probably chosen for the sake of euphemism, for we cannot find a single song or sonnet in the book. "Narrative Poems" is the title which would best describe them; they go after this fashion:—

"'Twas a beautiful day,
The first of July,
The sun it was gay,
The wind it was high.

Fruit I'd been picking
All the day through,
Till my fingers were sticking
Like pieces of glue."

Mr. Gardener seems to have sat in his garden and written of everything that happened within his ken and of everyone who passed his gate. It was rather kind of him: and must have been a great amusement.

JOHNSTON, MARY.—The Goddess of Reason, 7s. 6d. net (Constable)
JOY, ALEC.—Wayside Verses ..... (Elliot Stock)
MAYNE, N. THORPE.—A Life's Love Songs, 4s. net (Griffiths)
PRIOR, MATTHEW.—Dialogues of the Dead, and Other Works in Prose and Verse. Text edited by A. R. Waller. 4s. 6d. net ..... (Cambridge University Press)
SHUTTLEWORTH, HENRY CARY, M.A.—Poems and Hymns. Collected and edited by Edward H. A. Koch, M.A. Introduction by Henry Scott Holland, M.A. 3s. 6d. net (The Priory Press, Hampstead)
TERRY, RICHARD R.—Catholic Church Music, 5s. net (Greening)
WRIGHT, REV. C. GORDON.—Stories from the Classsics, and Other Verses, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Chapman and Hall)
YOUNG, RUTH.—The Heart of the Wind, 1s. net (Elkin Mathews)

NEW EDITIONS.

MILTON.—Early Poems, Comus, Lycidas. Edited by S. E. Goggin, B.A., and A. F. Watt, M.A. University Tutorial Series. 2s. 6d. ..... (Burlington House, Cambridge)
NEWMAN, JOHN HENRY, CARDINAL.—The Dream of Gerontius. Illustrated. 3s. net ..... (Longmans)
This new, clear-typed, well-produced edition of Newman's "Dream," has its Introduction illustrated by photographs of spots associated with the Cardinal's work, and a portrait of him forms the frontispiece.
RUSKIN, JOHN.—Poems. New Universal Library. 1s. net (Routledge)
TENNYSON, ALFRED, LORD.—In Memoriam. The Smaller Classics Series. 6d. net ..... (Alex. Moring)

HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, TRAVEL, AND SPORT.

ANON.—An Observer in the Near East, 16s. (Eveleigh Nash)
BETHAM-EDWARDS, MISS.—Literary Rambles in France, 10s. 6d. net ..... (Constable)
BLAIR, REV. WILLIAM, D.D. (Editor).—Robert Leighton, 1s. 6d. net ..... (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
BLUNT, WILFRID SCAWEN.—Secret History of the English Occupation of Egypt, 15s. net ..... (Fisher Unwin)
BOUGHTON, RUTLAND.—Bach, 2s. 6d. net ..... (John Lane)
Buchanan, George: A Memorial. 1506-1906. By Various Writers. 7s. 6d. net ..... (David Nutt)
This sumptuous volume is in the nature of a *festschrift* in honour of the recently celebrated quater-centenary of George Buchanan. It is a magnificent tribute to the typical Scottish scholar, and is characterised by a more than German thoroughness. It contains twenty-four essays on every aspect of Buchanan's life and work, translations from his writings, and a full account of the Centenary proceedings.
BULLEN, F. T., F.R.G.S.—Advance Australasia, 6s. (Hodder and Stoughton)
BURROWS, RONALD M.—The Discoveries in Crete, 5s. net (Murray)
Cambridge Modern History. Vol. X.—The Restoration. 16s. net (Cambridge University Press)
CHANCELLOR, E. BERESFORD, M.A.—The History of the Squares of London, 21s. net ..... (Kegan, Paul)
CRAN, MRS. GEORGE.—Herbert Beerbohm Tree, 2s. 6d. net (John Lane)
Mrs. Cran possesses several qualifications which enable her to be Mr. Tree's biographer; she has knowledge of details, critical faculty, and a whole-hearted admiration. She follows the man and the actor from his beginnings, through his large repertory, and upholds his knowledge and taste in his readings and presentment of his Shakespeare plays. She finds him courteous yet pungent, "a man of bitter fragrant mind"; she recounts a great deal of interesting theatre-history of the late nineteenth century, and she finally sums up her hero as being, like London, "a habit."
De Boigne, Memoirs of the Comtesse (1781-1814). Edited from the Original MS. by M. Charles Nicoullaud. 10s. net (Heinemann)
FLEMING, J. DICK, B.D.—Israel's Golden Age, 1s. 6d. (T. and T. Clark)
FLETCHER, C. R. L.—An Introductory History of England. Henry VII. to the Restoration. Maps. 5s. (John Murray)
HAKLUYT.—Voyages of the Elizabethan Seamen. Edited by Edward John Payne. With Notes, etc., by C. Raymond Beazley. Illustrated. 4s. 6d. ..... (Clarendon Press)
LAMPSON, G. LOCKER.—A Consideration of the State of Ireland in the Nineteenth Century, 18s. net (Constable)
Lancaster, A Guide to. Illustrated. ..... (Burrow, Cheltenham)
Law, William. Edited by Rev. Principal Hodgson, D.D. "Library of the Soul" Series. 1s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
MANUCCI, NICCOLAO.—Storia do Mogor; or Mogul India, 1653-1708. Translated by William Irvine. 2 Vols. 24s. net ..... (John Murray)
MARRIOTT, J. A. R.—George Canning and His Times, 2s. 6d. net ..... (Murray)
MEYNELL, WILFRED (Editor).—Cardinal Newman, 1s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
NICOLAY, FERNAND.—Napoleon at the Boulogne Camp. Translated by Georgina L. Davis. Illustrated. 7s. 6d. net ..... (Cassell)
PARKER, CHARLES STUART.—Life and Letters of Sir James Graham. 1792-1861. 2 Vols. Illustrated. 24s. net (Murray)
PENFIELD, FREDERIC COURTLAND.—Wanderings East of Suez. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (George Bell and Sons)
POLLARD, A. F.—Factors in Modern History, 7s. 6d. net (Constable)
Saint Francis de Sales. Edited by the Rev. S. Baring-Gould, M.A. "Library of the Soul" Series. 1s. 6d. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)
SEYMOUR, FREDERICK H. H.—Siena and Her Artists, 6s. (Fisher Unwin)
"Times" History of the War in South Africa, The. Vol V. 21s. net ..... (Sampson Low)
WHITAKER, TINA.—Sicily and England: Political and Social Reminiscences. 1848-1870. Illustrated. 10s. 6d. net (Constable)
World's History, The. Vol. V. Plates and Maps. 15s. net, 21s. net ..... (Heinemann)

NEW EDITIONS.

ATKINSON, REV. J. C., D.C.L.—Forty Years in a Moorland Parish, 5s. net ..... (Macmillan)
Love-Letters of Henry VIII. to Anne Boleyn, The. With Notes. 5s. net ..... (E. Grant Richards)
Knowing the mood of our century, we may be forgiven for at first expecting this little volume to be the outcome of some writer's jocular mood: for Henry VIII. may, perhaps, be considered fair game for a "skit." But in truth the pretty book contains the genuine letters of the amorous King to the beautiful Maid of Honour who had attracted his attention. These transcripts are taken from M. Meon's Paris Edition, and not from Hearn's 1720 publication, or from the Harkian Miscellany, 1745. The *format* of this edition, with its rough-leather binding, coat of arms in colours, and head-pieces and initial letters, is tasteful and appropriate.
MOREL, E. D.—Red Rubber, 1s. net ..... (Unwin)

CRITICISM AND BELLES LETTRES.

ADDISON.—Twelve Essays. And Essays on Addison by Macaulay and Thackeray. Edited by G. E. Hadow. 2s. (Clarendon Press)
This little book makes an excellent introduction to the study of Addison. It contains twelve essays from the *Tatler*, *Spectator*, *Freeholder*, and *Guardian*, and these are prefaced by the brilliant studies by Macaulay and Thackeray. Mr Hadow, in a short Introduction, contrasts the different methods of these two critical essays, which correct and supplement each other. The book is well edited and annotated, and should prove a very attractive reader in schools.
WILMOT-BUXTON, E. M.—The Book of Rustem, 2s. 6d. net (Harrap)
Voice of the Sea, The. Edited by Ingram Swale. 2s. 6d. net (Routledge)
The sea, and all its aspects, phases and meanings is revealed in this volume of the pretty, handy, attractive "Wayfaring" Series. In prose and poem—chiefly in poem—it mirrors all the sea's moods, and many of the moods of men who love and long for her. The collection is very far from being a stringing together of obvious sea pieces. It includes many copyright poems and extracts of undeniable and appropriate beauty, comparatively little known, and admirably portraying the compiler's idea of a varied, ever-changing sea.

NEW EDITIONS.

KINGSLEY, CHARLES.—The Heroes. Edited by L. H. Pond. Maps. 1s. ..... (Bell)
RUSKIN, JOHN.—The Two Paths. Introduction by Graham Wallas. 6d. ..... (Cassell)
THACKERAY, W. M.—Roundabout Papers. Illustrated. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan)

LAW, PHILOLOGY, SCIENCE, ART, SCHOOL AND TECHNICAL BOOKS.

ADAMS, H. ISABEL, F.L.S.—Wild Flowers of the British Isles. Illustrated. Revised by James E. Bagnall, A.L.S. 30s. net ..... (Heinemann)
BELCHER, JOHN, A.R.A.—Essentials in Architecture, 5s. net (Batsford)
BELL, RICHARD, M.P.—Trade Unionism, 1s. net (T. C. and E. C. Jack)